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COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY ENGLISH. A SUMMARY.

With the article upon "English at Wellesley College," printed in the last issue of THE DIAL, we closed our series of reports upon the work done in English at our colleges and universities. These reports, contributed in every case by someone closely identified with the English department of the institution concerned, and in the majority of cases by the head of the department, have provided the most elaborate comparative showing ever made of the methods pursued in this important branch of the higher instruction. There have been eighteen articles altogether, representing as many centres of light and leading; and while the subject might have been continued for some months more without loss of interest, enough facts have been furnished to provide a safe basis for generalization, and to illustrate every important phase of the teaching of English as it is now understood by those among us who are foremost in its profession.

The colleges and universities represented in this series fall into certain natural groups which it may be well to indicate. First of all, we have such venerable Eastern institutions as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania. With these we may group Amherst and Lafayette, standing for the class of small colleges to which American education owes a debt far from measurable by their size, and the University of Virginia, representing the earlier type of Southern education so well justified of its children during the long *ante-bellum* period. A second and fairly compact group is formed of the state-supported institutions of the New West—the Universities of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, and California. The third and last group includes those later foundations of private philanthropy which, with their suddenly acquired wealth and mushroom-like rate of development, already threaten to overshadow the ancient fame of the New England institutions. To this category belong Cornell and Stanford Universities, and the University of Chicago. Here we may also include, as representing both the new philanthropy and the new spirit that

does not seek to exclude woman from the benefits of the higher culture, the excellent college to which special attention was called in our last issue — Wellesley.

Although this grouping is but one of several that might be chosen, it seems, on the whole, the most natural and the most suggestive. It very nearly amounts to a geographical grouping of the East and the West, or to a chronological grouping of the old and the new. And perhaps the first idea suggested by this antithesis of East and West, of old and new, is that the former class stands for a conservative adherence to well-tried methods and aims, while the latter class stands for experiment, fertility of invention, and the broadening of standards. Certainly, the new ideas and the novel methods reported come rather from the West than the East, rather from the youthful than from the ancient foundations. It is undoubtedly true that the newer communities of the West supply the educator with a cruder material than comes into the hands of a New England faculty, and possibly this is the very thing that stimulates him to new departures and novel activities. It makes a vast difference whether the average student comes from a home in which books are among the most essential of furnishings and from a family in which culture is a traditional inheritance, or from the environment of the pioneer settlement, which has not yet forgotten or outlived the hard struggle for subsistence and a foothold. And, while we are not disposed to say that the new universities are doing more than the old ones for the study of our common speech and literary inheritance, we cannot refrain from commendation of the alertness, the keenness of scent, and the adaptability with which they are shaping their work to their special conditions.

Viewing our collection of reports as a whole, it is clear that they supply the material for a considerable number of fairly trustworthy inductions. A few of these we will endeavor briefly to set forth. The statistics given to show the numbers of students pursuing English courses at the respective colleges show that these courses are nearly everywhere very popular. They run the classical courses closely, and in some cases seem to attract a larger number of students, although the figures are lacking for any exact comparative statement on this subject. In a recent review article Professor Woodrow Wilson contends that the twin bases of the new liberal education ought to be the study of literature and the study of institu-

tions. As far as the study of literature is concerned, it would seem that the contention is already justified, or nearly so, by the fact. The thousand odd students at Yale (and Sheffield), at Harvard, at the Universities of Michigan, and even of Nebraska, give eloquent testimony to the popularity of English teaching, to say nothing of the 873 reported by California, the 629 by Chicago, and the 450 by Stanford. Equally eloquent, from another point of view, are such English faculties as that of Harvard, with twenty men, and of Chicago, with fifteen. Courses are reported in so many different ways that comparison is not easy; but Chicago, with upwards of sixty hours a week, seems to head the list, while Harvard, Stanford, and California are not far behind.

The important subject of entrance requirements is not discussed in the majority of our reports, but the few allusions made to it are of the greatest interest. During the present year, Yale has for the first time required an entrance qualification in English. From Pennsylvania comes the vague report that "English literature" is required for entrance. As we go West, we do better and better. Indiana has relegated the bugbear of "Freshman English" to the preparatory schools, and Nebraska has accomplished a similar reform. The most interesting reports upon this subject come from the Pacific Coast. The University of California requires "a high-school course of at least three years, at the rate of five hours a week; and it advocates, and from some schools secures, a four years' course." This requirement is further said to be fifty per cent more extensive and stringent than that made by the New England Association of Colleges. Stanford University started out with what was substantially the New England requirement, but has since raised that standard upon the side of composition. "This year," it is said, "we have absolutely refused to admit to our courses students unprepared to do real collegiate work. The Freshman English course in theme-writing has been eliminated from our programme, and has been turned over to approved teachers and to the various secondary schools. Had this salutary innovation not been accomplished, all the literary courses would have been swept away by the rapidly growing inundation of Freshman themes, and all our strength and courage would have been dissipated in preparing our students to do respectable work at more happily equipped universities."

The study of these reports shows the exist-

ence, in most of our colleges, of a well-marked differentiation of literature from linguistics. In many of the cases, indeed, there is an equally distinct differentiation of rhetoric from the other two departments. We have, of course, no quarrel with either the science of linguistics or the art of rhetoric, but we have always contended that neither of the two should be permitted to masquerade as the study of literature. It is gratifying to find that the distinction is both made and observed in nearly all of the institutions under consideration. "Mere literature" seems to have its full share of attention and teaching strength; it appears to be cordially recognized as a true university subject, with its own methods and aims, and with its own tests of the culture which it has to impart. That university teaching in literature may be made something more than the "chatter about Shelley" which one of its most famous opponents delighted to call it, should be sufficiently evident from a careful study of these eighteen reports. The question may be raised whether it would not be well to set an official seal upon the separation of literature from its allied subjects by making of it a separate department of university work, just as some of our more progressive institutions have erected sociology into a distinct department, thus definitely marking it off from the allied departments of political and economic science. If literature, linguistics, and rhetoric are grouped together as constituting a single department, it becomes almost impossible to provide that department with a suitable head. One can no longer be a specialist in so many fields; the head of a modern English department is not likely to be both an accomplished student of literature and a philological expert; and since his real distinction is pretty sure to be in one of these subjects alone, there is always the danger that the subject of which he is master will be given a preponderant place in the work of his department.

Space fails us for the discussion of the many remaining subjects of interest offered by a comparative examination of these reports. We should like to speak of the growing importance of graduate work in English, of the tendency to give a larger place to *Seminar* investigation, of the historical aspect of literary study, of the extent to which American literature should receive special treatment, of the importance of introducing courses which bring into comparison the literatures of culture, of the inexhaustible subject of special methods of instruction, and the equally inexhaustible

subject of the general aims to be kept in view by the teacher of literature. To some or all of these subjects we shall doubtless recur as occasion arises, and in connection with the discussion that is likely to follow the republication of these reports in their more serviceable permanent shape. Our closing word shall be one of gratification at the admirable variety, vitality, and individuality of the presentment as a whole. Whatever may be the shortcomings of our present higher instruction in English, it has not fallen into the stagnation of a pedantic routine. It is alert, progressive, and eager in its outlook for higher things than have as yet been attained, however far it may yet be from the fulfilment of its whole ambition.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

However diverse may be the judgments passed upon the work of Professor Froude, friends and foes must unite to recognize in him one of the giants of his age. His impress upon the spiritual development of the last half-century has been very deep, and would have been deeper had he stood by himself, not overshadowed by his friend and master, Carlyle. His originality, combined with his aggressive energy, was bound to stir up contention, into whatever field of thought he might make excursions; and few men have lived so continuously as he in an atmosphere of acrimonious disputation. His abandonment of the priestly profession, coupled with the outspoken propositions of "The Nemesis of Faith," aroused the first bitterness against him, and his famous defense of Henry the Eighth set all the dogs of controversy upon his heels. The delivery and subsequent publication of his American lectures exposed him to reprisals from vindictive Irishmen all over the world, and all sorts of colonial doctrinaires felt themselves outraged by his two books upon the outlying provinces of the English Empire. Then came the Carlyle publications, with their unnecessarily truthful revelations; and there were none so poor, after that, to do reverence to an editor who had thus ruthlessly (although in all unconsciousness) played the iconoclast.

We think that the general effect of the many attacks made upon the great historian has been to create a distinctly unfair and prejudiced opinion concerning the value of his work, and that his reputation is one that will grow rather than diminish with the lapse of years. Let us allow to the full for the exaggerated hero-worship of many of his books, and for his constitutional inability to see things from any other than his own intensely individual standpoint; let us also allow for the charges of inaccuracy and the unscholarly use of material, not only brought against him, but amply substantiated, by such men as Professor Freeman and Pro-

fessor Charles Eliot Norton; yet when all these allowances have been made, there still remains the great *corpus* of his work, magnificent as literature, masterly in its power of holding the attention, and, after all, consistent with itself and with the method deliberately chosen by the author to fit with his natural predispositions. It is the ethical method, not the scientific, and must be judged by its own standards, unless, indeed, the possibility of an ethical method of writing history be denied altogether. History, he said, "is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. . . . Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways." And he remarks in another passage that "the most perfect English history which exists is to be found in the historical plays of Shakespeare. . . . Shakespeare's object was to exhibit as faithfully as he could the exact character of the great actors in the national drama — the circumstances which surround them, and the motives, internal and external, by which they were influenced. To know this is to know all. . . . No such directness of insight, no such breadth of sympathy, has since been applied to the writing of English history." Now Professor Freeman, for example, did not write history upon this theory, and consequently his strictures altogether miss the essential point at issue. Time, which sets most matters right, will justify Professor Froude's method by preserving his memory and by sparing his books from oblivion. They will remain, we doubt not, as lasting monuments of our literature, and minister not only to the delight but also to the instruction (in the higher sense) of generations yet unborn.

BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

James Anthony Froude was born on the 23d of April (Shakespeare's birthday), 1818, at Totnes, in Devonshire. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1840. In 1842 he took the Chancellor's prize for an essay on "The Influence of the Science of Political Economy on the Moral and Social Welfare of the Nation," and in the same year became a fellow of Exeter College. While a student he had come under the influence of the Tractarians, and determined to follow the clerical life. He received deacon's orders in 1844, but during the years immediately following his ideas became so modified that he found it impossible to remain identified with a church that was wedded to what he called the "Hebrew mythology." His "Nemesis of Faith" (1848) gave expression to his changed views and marked his separation from the clerical calling. He says of this step: "I found myself unfitted for a clergyman's position and I abandoned it. I did not leave the church. I withdrew into the position of a lay member, in which I have ever since remained. I gave up my fellowship and I gave up my profession with the loss of my existing means of maintenance, and with the sacrifice of my future prospects." The next year (1849) marked the beginning of his acquaintance with Carlyle. During the next few years, he contributed much to the reviews, and began the

studies for his famous "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada." The first volumes of this work appeared in 1856, the last in 1869. In the latter year he was chosen Rector of St. Andrews, and received an LL.D. from that university. In 1872 he made a visit to the United States, and lectured upon the Irish question. These lectures formed the basis of "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century" (1871-1874). In 1874, he was sent to Cape Colony to investigate the Kaffir insurrection. He also travelled extensively among the English colonies, from Australia to the West Indies. "Oceana" (1886) and "The English in the West Indies" (1888) contained the fruits of his many observations of Greater England. In 1892 he was appointed by Lord Salisbury as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, to succeed his old-time combatant, Professor Freeman. His "Short Studies on Great Subjects" were collected into volumes at various dates, the first series appearing in 1867. His sketch of "Julius Caesar" appeared in 1876. He edited Carlyle's "Reminiscences" in 1881, and published the biography and letters of Carlyle in 1882 and 1884. He also edited the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." His other publications include the "Bunyan" in the "English Men of Letters" series, "Reminiscences of an Irish Journey in 1849," "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," an historical romance of the last century (1889), a life of Lord Beaconsfield (1890), "The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon" (1892), "The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays" (1892), and, this very year of his death, a volume of Oxford lectures on "The Life and Letters of Erasmus." He died on the morning of October 20, after a protracted period of illness.

ENGLISH TRIBUTES TO HOLMES.

The English literary press is substantially unanimous in just appreciation of the late Dr. Holmes, and the tone of its comment is well illustrated by the following selection of extracts. The first is from "The Saturday Review."

"The copious and generous tributes which have been paid by the English press to the memory of Dr. Holmes would greatly have gratified that genial autocrat. There are Americans who really desire to be neglected by England, and there are a great many more who are fond of pretending to desire it. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was none of these. While preserving that preference for the institutions of his own country to which every reasonable man clings, no one was more conscious than he of the prestige and weight of the Old World, and no one, within the bounds of self-respect, was more anxious to come within its orbit. Dr. Holmes was by the very constitution of his mind and the nature of his talent a conservative. 'It is a great happiness,' he says somewhere, 'to have been born in an old house haunted by recollections'; and to him Europe and its literature, and its philosophy, were venerable and stately mansions in which, if he was not actually born, he still had been a constant and a happy lodger. He who would search for the wild aboriginal American poet, with a mind arrayed in boots and buckskin, had never any chance of finding him in Beacon Street, Boston. What he found there was a little, brilliant old gentleman, with something of Horace Walpole about him and something of Chaulieu, a

touch of Gay, a suspicion of Rogers, a hint of the abbés who had known Voltaire,—an old gentleman who appeared to have stepped straight out of the eighteenth century, and to be trying by the exercise of consummate tact and intelligence, to seem to belong to the nineteenth. An exquisite old-fashioned sense of fitness marked all that Dr. Holmes excelled in. . . . We shall now learn more about him than needs be told, and there will certainly be a reaction against his present excess of celebrity. But this also will pass, and Oliver Wendell Holmes will live in the literary history of the nineteenth century as a fellow of infinite jest, who knew mankind and the human heart, who was the enemy of all bombast, and bigotry, and assumption, and who exercised in what was sometimes a very crude and fanatical generation an influence unwaveringly on the side of urbanity and reason."

"The Academy" makes the following remarks, among others in similar strain:

"An attempt—not particularly happy—has been made to 'place' Dr. Holmes by linking his genius with that of Charles Lamb. The resemblance between them, if any, is quite superficial, but their difference is marked. As Mr. George William Curtis said of Dr. Holmes's early poems, so we might say of Lamb's most characteristic work: 'The high spirits of a frolicsome fancy effervesce and sparkle'; but, while Lamb was essentially whimsical and often capricious, Dr. Holmes, even in his most daring moods, was wary. He was exceedingly sensitive on the subject of his good breeding, and felt he could not afford to forget his manners. If bold, he was not too bold; judicious always, without being false. He was much bound by social usage—a Boston man, having the fear of eminently respectable Boston always before his eyes—and it would have horrified him to have been responsible for those little outrages on the conventionalities in which Lamb took an exquisite delight. Moreover, Lamb's taste was more literary than that of Dr. Holmes, and not in the least scientific; and his touch, like Irving's, was more delicate. It is, in truth, difficult to classify Dr. Holmes at all. He was somewhat of a man apart. He followed no model, and has had no successful imitators."

And "The Athenæum" thus passes restrained and thoughtful judgment:

"When the time shall come for assigning their proper place in literature to the writings of Dr. Holmes, we think it probable that neither his lively verse nor genial essays will be placed in the front rank. His artistic talent is chiefly displayed in the small works wherein the lives of his friends Motley and Emerson are depicted. He tells the story of both in a condensed and effective fashion. He enables the reader to understand them within the compass of a few pages. His countrymen should study both works when they contemplate writing a biography. He had the skill to select and dwell upon the important points, and the self-command to suffer the others to remain in the background. More than one New Englander of note who is entombed in a heavy biography would have defied oblivion if Dr. Holmes had been entrusted with writing his life."

"The closing years of Dr. Holmes were saddened by friend after friend dropping off and by the terrible malady of asthma. Yet he retained his sweet temper to the end, and his pen was never idle. There is no trace of senility in the last verses or prose which he wrote, and the perfect preservation of his faculties is quite as

remarkable as the prolongation of his life. He has left none behind him in America who can wield the pen with greater witchery. He was as little of a public speaker as his friend Longfellow; indeed, a slight physical impediment marred his utterance. But a cheerier companion could not be found; a man of larger sympathies and wider cultivation has never adorned New England; and his death is not mourned more sincerely there than in the old Motherland which in his heart he loved."

"*MERE LITERATURE.*"

Is there any justification for the phrase "mere literature" which one often hears nowadays? There is no doubt a serious sneer in it, as Professor Wilson, in a recent "Atlantic" essay, avers; but I think the sneer is not aimed so much at literature in itself as at certain phases of literature. Mr. Lowell has recently been quoted as saying that "mere scholarship is as useless as the collecting of old postage stamps"; yet at vital scholarship—scholarship that is wielded as a weapon, and that results in power—Lowell would be the last man to sneer. In all times of high literary culture and criticism, a great deal is produced that may well be called mere literature—the result of assiduous training and stimulation of the literary faculties,—just as a great deal of art is produced that may be called mere art. Literature that is the result of the friction upon the mind of other literatures, is usually mere literature. That which is the result of the contact of the mind with reality, is of another order.

Or we may say "mere literature" as we say "mere gentleman." Now gentlemanly qualities—refinement, good breeding, etc.—are not to be sneered at unless they stand alone, with no man behind them; and literary qualities—style, learning, fancy, etc.—are not to be sneered at unless *they* stand alone, which is not infrequently the case. We would not apply the phrase "mere gentleman" to Washington, or Lincoln, or Wellington, though these men may have been the most thorough of gentlemen; neither would we apply the phrase "mere literature" to the works of Bacon, or Shakespeare, or Carlyle, or Dante, or Plato. The Bible is literature, but it is not mere literature. We apply the latter term to writings that have little to recommend them but their technical and artistic excellence, like the mass of current poetry and fiction. The men who have nothing to say and say it extremely well produce mere literature.

Both England and France have at the present time many excellent writers, men who possess every grace of style and charm of expression, who still give us only a momentary pleasure. They do not move us, they do not lay strong hands upon us, their works do not take hold of any great reality; they produce mere literature. Literary seriousness, literary earnestness, cannot atone for a want of manly seriousness and earnestness. A sensitive artistic conscience cannot make us content with a dull or

obtuse moral conscience. The literary worker is to confront reality in just as serious a mood as does the man of science, if he hopes to produce anything that rises above mere literature. The picnickers, the excursionists, the flower gatherers of literature do not produce lasting works. The seriousness of Hawthorne was much more than a literary seriousness; the emotion of Whittier at his best is fundamental and human.

There is a passage in Amiel's *Journal* that well expresses the distinction I am aiming at. "I have been thinking a great deal of Victor Cherbuliez," he says, under date of December 4, 1876. "Perhaps his novels make up the most disputable part of his work,—they are so much wanting in simplicity, feeling, reality. And yet what knowledge, style, wit, and subtlety,—how much thought everywhere, and what mastery of language! He astonishes one; I cannot but admire him. Cherbuliez's mind is of immense range, clear-sighted, keen, full of resources; he is an Alexandrian exquisite, substituting for the feeling which makes men earnest the irony which leaves them free. Pascal would say of him, 'He has never risen from the order of thought to the order of charity.' But we must not be ungrateful. A Lucian is not worth an Augustine, but still he is a Lucian. . . . The positive element in Victor Cherbuliez's work is beauty, not goodness, nor moral or religious life."

The positive element in the enduring works is always something more than the beautiful; it is the true, the vital, the real, as well. The beautiful is there, but the not-beautiful is there also. The world is held together, life is nourished and made strong, and power begotten, by the neutral or negatively beautiful. Works are everywhere produced that are artistically serious, but morally trifling and insincere; faultless in form, but tame and barren in spirit. We could not say this of the works of Froude or Ruskin, Huxley or Tyndall; we cannot say it of the works of Matthew Arnold, because he had a higher purpose than to produce mere literary effects; but we can say it of most of the productions of the younger British essayists and poets. In Swinburne, for instance, there is a mere lust of verbal forms and rhythmic lilt. In reading his poems, I soon find myself fairly gasping for breath; I seem to be trying to breathe in a vacuum—an effect which one does not experience at all in reading Tennyson, or Browning, or Arnold. One is apt to have serious qualms in reading the prose of Walter Pater, the lust of mere style so pervades his work. Faultless workmanship, one says; and yet the best qualities of style—freshness, naturalness, simplicity—are not here. What in Victor Hugo goes far towards atoning for all his sins against art, against sanity and proportion, are his terrible moral earnestness and psychic power. Whatever we may think of his work, we are not likely to call it "mere literature." That masterly ubiquitous sporting and toying with the elements of life which we find in Shake-

speare we shall probably never again see in letters. The stress and burden of later times do not favor it. The great soul is now too earnest, too self-conscious; life is too serious. Only light men now essay it. Art for art's sake is now the stamp of third or fourth rate men. With so much criticism, so much knowledge, so much science, another Shakespeare is impossible. Renan says: "In order to establish those literary authorities called classic, something especially healthy and solid is necessary. Common household bread is of more value here than pastry." There can be little doubt that our best literary workers are intent upon producing something analogous to pastry, or even confectionery, something fine, complex, highly seasoned, that tickles the taste. It is always in order to urge a return to the simple and serious, a return to nature, to works that have the wholesome and sustaining qualities of natural products, grain, fruits, nuts, air, water.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE "ROYAL ROAD" TO LEARNING.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of October 1 my booklet on "Ethics and the New Education" is approved as emphasizing the significance of pain as a necessary factor of all true spiritual growth and refinement. If I may have your permission, I would be glad to cry a further note on the same theme through the speaking-tube of THE DIAL.

The note is this: Growth is possible only through reasonable exercise of power. But mind as an indivisible unit of energy still presents in its individual character two radically distinct modes. The one of these modes is the sensuous; the other, the reflective. In its sensuous mode, mind is appealed to by (or rather through) physical "facts," pictorial forms. In its reflective mode, mind is exercised in the discovery and estimate of the relations of "fact" to "fact," and in the tracing of such relations to the ultimate principles of which they are only special phases. No mind can be truly educated save through the constant interplay of these two thoroughly complementary modes.

With this distinction clearly in view, it is easy to see that as a rule the cry to the effect that education must be "made easy," and that the work of the school-room must be made "interesting," practically amounts to nothing more than a demand for endless multiplication of illustrative matter—that is, matter that appeals directly to the sensuous aspect of consciousness. It is ordinarily synonymous with the catch-phrase, "Facts first and theory after"; and this practically is much the same as "facts" always and "theory" never. Though what a "fact" is, apart from a theory, might easily prove an embarrassing question.

Nevertheless, natural-science teaching, with its brilliant experiments and its astonishing array of specimens, has led irresistibly in the direction of multiplying "illustrations," until too often that which was to be illustrated has been fairly lost from view. And the work has proved so intensely "interesting" that the conspicuously "successful" teacher has for the most part gone victoriously forward with the absolutely inno-

cent assurance that he has at last actually discovered the true Royal Road in which Learning is once for all made easy, and that all painful struggle in the educational field must henceforth prove an inexcusable anachronism. How far this brilliant superficiality has extended, few seem as yet to be clearly aware. In truth, the whole educational world is to-day dealing largely in "watered stock," and the next generation must inevitably pay the penalty in serious "shrinkage of values."

Nor is this by any means confined to work done in the natural sciences. So convincingly brilliant have been the results in this field that the now rapidly reviving interest in the science of mind, both on the side of Psychology and on the side of ethics, seems destined, for a while at least, to come under the same spell. Nerve-ends, nerve-fibre, ganglia, white matter and gray matter, cerebral convolutions, mapping the cerebral cortex—how nearly *tangible* the mind is becoming! Shall we not be able presently to photograph an emotion, to catch the color of a thought, to touch a motive with the tips of our fingers? How much more real the "mind" would seem to "us" if only "we" could roll "it" about on the palm of "our" hand! And then there is Hypnotism—wonderful, splendidly mysterious Hypnotism! Why, we are just awaking to the really "interesting" aspects of the science of mind! And "interesting" all this unquestionably is—interesting to consciousness in its sensuous mode first of all. It is, indeed, interesting also to consciousness in its reflective mode, because mind requires a form through which to express itself, through which to unfold itself. Nevertheless, interesting though this psychological aspect of physiology may be, important though it may be that the student of psychology should note the special parts of the one whole organ through which the one whole mind gives expression to the various phases of its one continuous whole activity—interesting and important though all this may be in its place, even to the reflective aspect of consciousness, it is still a fatal mistake to suppose it to constitute psychology in any proper sense of the term. Physiological Psychology? Strange combination of terms! No nerve-change, however subtle, can constitute any phase of consciousness properly speaking. At most such nerve-change is only a precondition of one or another specialized mode of consciousness.

Meanwhile, the "method of the natural sciences" is here seized upon, with more or less unreflecting zeal, as being already proven a "successful" method, and is now confidently applied in a field where it cannot but prove the more disastrous the less carefully the workers in this field note the distinction between mind as agent and body as instrument or organ. Such distinction, adequately made and maintained, necessarily implies maturity of mind in its reflective mode. With this mode imperfectly developed, it is but inevitable that the "facts" of the nervous system, so unequivocally *there* to the sensuous consciousness, should seem to constitute the whole reality of man, and that materialism should appear as furnishing the only rational account of life and "mind."

An antidote to all this is the crying need of the time. Or if not yet vocal, it must soon become vocal. We have been led widely astray by the luring phantom of a Royal Road to Learning. No such road exists save the truly kingly road of work. And work, like chastisement, is for the present not "joyous but grievous"; though in the end it is the one way that has in it any real promise of "eternal life." Doubtless this subordination of the sen-

suous aspect of consciousness, in the form of mere present enjoyment, to the reflective aspect of consciousness in the form of steadfast adherence to an infinitely out-reaching ideal purpose, is the way of "crucifying the flesh"; and that must always be something altogether frightful and even insane to the man "in his senses"; but also it must ever prove to be something necessary and desirable and wholly sane to the man "in his right reason."

Whatever may be said, then, respecting my "Syllabus of Ethics"—that will live if it deserves to live, and die if it deserves to die, whatever friendly or unfriendly critics may say of it—I still insist that for the purposes of the class-room the first requisite for a text-book is, not that it shall be "interesting" to or easily manageable by the student, but that it shall present in as concise and rigidly logical form as possible a *really adequate* outline of the subject. It is an utter prostitution of educational appliances to turn the school into an information-mill or a variety-show. The true school is a medium—the most efficient of all media—for the awakening of youth to a clear, adequate, genuinely *reflective* consciousness of the fundamental principles constituting the inner substance of the world both as mind and as "matter." It is for the living teacher to stimulate the pupil to such living interest in the theme that he comes to comprehend experiment and text-book alike in their proper significance as mere instruments devised solely for his own self-development.

And, after all, precise technical language, so far from being the language of obscurity, is just that medium which realizes the very perfection of clearness. It is simply the exact form of exact thought, and there is in it nothing dreadful—certainly nothing more so for ethics than for, say, chemistry or electricity. Neither is it less indispensable in the one science than in the other. And if ethics is really to be taken seriously—as seriously, for instance, as biology—then whatever of technical language is necessary to the full and clear expression of the complex thought involved must frankly be faced and mastered. Education, let us repeat, is not merely, nor even chiefly, a matter of pleasure. It is, above all, a process of self-realization. Hence, what precisely the character of the education is to be is in sober truth a matter of mental, of spiritual, life and death. When dilettantism shall have once gained permanent possession of the school-room, the end of the world will be near at hand.

WILLIAM M. BRYANT.

St. Louis Normal and High School, Oct. 18, 1894.

MR. JOHN FISKE AND THE CALIFORNIA VIGILANTS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of October 1, page 199, *why* do you adversely criticise the historian Mr. John Fiske in the following particular: "We regret to see that Mr. Fiske gives countenance to the San Francisco Vigilants by saying: 'Honest citizens were obliged to organize vigilance committees to deal quickly and sharply with criminals.'"

C. CLARK.

Redwood, California, Oct. 20, 1894.

[And *WHY*—to echo our laconic correspondent's query—should we *not* adversely criticise Mr. Fiske in the particular stated? Does he think Mr. Fiske above criticism, or does he expect us to approve of lynch law?—EDR. DIAL.]

The New Books.

AN AMERICAN STAGE FAVORITE.*

Mr. Winter's title, "The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson," is a little misleading, since it covers, strictly speaking, only about half the volume. The remaining space is devoted to the other Thespian members of the Jefferson family—Thomas (1728-1807), Joseph (1774-1832), Elizabeth (1810-90), Joseph (1804-42), and Charles Burke (1822-54),—to each of whom a separate chapter is given. The Memoir is a revision, "rectified, augmented, rearranged, and in part re-written," of Mr. Winter's "The Jeffersons," published in 1881, and it is therefore virtually a new work. In its present shape it forms a collection of American stage anecdotes and *memorabilia* second only to Mr. Hutton's; while its delightful style and delicate appreciations of the player's and the playwright's art lend it a charm and value distinctively its own. The sketch of the present Jefferson, though rather desultory in form, is graphic and warmly sympathetic, and it conveys a clear impression of Mr. Jefferson's talent and personality. Mr. Winter is a good narrator, and he is of the order of critics who, like Lamb and Hazlitt, do us the substantial service of bringing to light, and making us feel, the finer and more recondite beauties that escape the untrained and the heedless eye. Few will read the chapters in which Mr. Jefferson's leading impersonations are severally reviewed without wishing to again see that finished actor on the stage, in order to appreciate and enjoy his art more fully in the light of Mr. Winter's exposition.

Joseph Jefferson, of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, was born at Philadelphia, February 20, 1829. Both of his parents were actors, and the boy made his own *début* in a very comical way at the age of four, when he was carried upon the stage by James D. Rice, the founder of negro minstrelsy, and originator of the immortal "Jim Crow."

"The comedian, on a benefit occasion, introduced the child, blackened and dressed like himself, into the performance of Jim Crow. Little Joe was taken upon the scene in a bag, and emptied from it, with the couplet,—

'Ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you for to know
I've got a little darkey here to jump Jim Crow.'

A witness of that scene says that the boy promptly assumed the attitude of Jim Crow Rice, and sang and

* THE LIFE AND ART OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON. By William Winter, author of "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth." Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

danced in imitation of his sable companion, and was a miniature likeness of that grotesque person."

In 1837, Jefferson, then a boy of eight, appeared at the Franklin Theatre, New York, where he did a broadsword-combat with a Master Titus—after the manner of the brothers Crummies, doubtless; and at the close of the season the family left for the far West. There for twelve years they led the life of the strolling player, roaming from town to town in ox-carts, flatboats, etc., and often enough on foot (there were no smoothly-gravelled ties in those days, be it remembered, to ease the steps of the crushed tragedian), and playing at times in barns and hotel dining-rooms, with scenery not much more elaborate than Quince the carpenter's. At that date the term "barn-storming" had a very literal sound and was no mere playful metaphor for a tour in the provinces. Once the Jefferson company, adrift in a region far from any settlement, lighted on an unusually spacious barn owned by an unusually benevolent-looking farmer, and they resolved forthwith to give a performance.

"There was a cordial response. The farmers and their wives and children, from far and near, came to see the play. The receipts were twenty dollars, and that treasure was viewed as a godsend by the poor players, who saw in it the means of food, and of a ride to the next town. But no adequate allowance had been made for the frugality of the genial owner of the barn. 'I guess that pays my bill,' he said, as he put the money into his pocket; and so the venture was settled, and the rueful comedians walked away."

Amid scenes of this kind, says the author, young Jefferson learned to be an actor; and, except barely three months at school which he once enjoyed, that was the only kind of training he ever received.

"In Mexico, when the war occurred, in 1846, he was among the followers of the American army, and gave performances in tents. He saw General Taylor on the banks of the Rio Grande; he heard the thunder of the guns at Palo Alto; he stood beside the tent in which the gallant Major Ringgold lay dying; he witnessed the bombardment of Matamoras, and, two nights after the capture of that city, he acted in its Spanish theatre."

Jefferson returned to New York in 1849, and filled successive engagements at Chanfrau's New National Theatre, at Mitchell's Olympic, Brougham's Lyceum, Niblo's Garden, and, after a Southern tour and a non-professional trip to Europe, at Laura Keane's new playhouse on Broadway, where, in 1857, he scored a hit as "Dr. Pangloss," making the character, says Mr. Winter, exceedingly comical, yet "human, natural, probable, real, and even establishing him in a kindly regard." While at

this theatre an incident occurred which shows Jefferson in an agreeable light. One of the troupe, Blake—a good actor, but with a tendency to coarseness—resenting Jefferson's habit of expunging indelicate lines from the old comedies, ridiculed him as "the Sunday-school comedian."

"There was a scene in the green-room and Blake was discomfited. 'You take an unfair and unmanly advantage of people,' said Jefferson, 'when you force them to listen to your coarseness. They are, for the time, imprisoned, and have no choice but to hear and see your ill-breeding. You have no better right to be offensive on the stage than in the drawing-room.'"

The production, on October 18, 1858, of "Our American Cousin" marked the decisive turn of the tide in Jefferson's professional fortunes. He acted "Asa Trenchard," and he was famous.

"Seldom has an actor found a medium for the expression of his spirit so ample and so congenial as that part proved to be for Jefferson. Rustic grace, simple manliness, unconscious drollery, and unaffected pathos, expressed with artistic control, and in an atmosphere of repose, could not have been more truthfully and beautifully combined."

It was then also that Sothern—his future greatness thrust upon him, as it were, in the trivial, reluctantly-accepted part of "Lord Dundreary"—laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. "Our American Cousin" ran for one hundred and forty consecutive nights—a prodigious run at that time,—and it proved the success of the year and of the theatre.

In 1861 Jefferson sailed for Australia, where he remained four years, winning golden opinions and hosts of friends by his acting of "Asa Trenchard," "Caleb Plummer," "Bob Brierly," and other characters. His performance of "Bob Brierly" (in "The Ticket-of-leave Man") on one occasion at Hobart Town drew an audience including over six hundred ticket-of-leave men; and, "though at first they regarded him with looks of implacable ferocity, they ended by giving him their hearts, in a hurricane of acclamation."

After leaving Australia, Jefferson spent a little time in South America and at Panama, and sailed thence for England. Arriving at London he commissioned Boucicault to recast and rewrite the old play of "Rip Van Winkle" for production in the English capital. There were already several stage versions of Irving's story, and Jefferson had no less than seven predecessors in the part with which his name is now inseparably linked. The first recorded dramatization of "Rip Van Winkle" was produced

at Albany, May 26, 1828, and the first "Rip" was Thomas Flynn (1804-49). The second "Rip," Charles B. Parsons, played at Cincinnati in 1828-29, using a version bought in New York by the manager, N. M. Ludlow. Still another version, probably by an English dramatist named Kerr, was presented at Philadelphia, October 30, 1829, with William Chapman in the leading rôle; and in 1830 James H. Hackett, the famous "Falstaff," and Jefferson's ablest predecessor, produced the play in New York, using a version written probably by himself. Hackett went to England in 1832, and had a new draft of the piece made by Bernard Bayle, in which he appeared in London, and which he continued to present for several years after his return to America. Charles Burke, Jefferson's half-brother, made a play for himself on the subject in 1849, and amended and improved it in 1850; and this was the piece put in Boucicault's hands for recasting in 1865. Boucicault finished the revision in a week, but had no faith in the practical success of his work, telling Jefferson that it could not possibly hold the stage for more than a month. Many of the new features were due to Jefferson,—particularly the happy suggestion that the spectres, in the midnight encounter on the mountain, should maintain an awful silence, and that only the bewildered man should speak. Boucicault contributed the scheme of "Gretchen's" second marriage; and to him also is due the powerful climax of the third act, "Meenie's" recognition of her father—a touch suggested by the recognition of "Cordelia" in "King Lear." With this new version Jefferson sought the favor of the London public, on September 4, 1865; and his success was great enough to herald his future renown. A laughable incident preceded the first performance. On the approach of the fateful hour, Jefferson, nervous and apprehensive, and as absent-minded as "Dominie Sampson," retired to his room in Regent Street, and abstractedly proceeded to "make up" for the third act.

"The window-curtains happened to be raised, and the room was brightly lighted, so that the view from without was unobscured. Not many minutes passed before it began to be utilized,—and a London crowd is quick to assemble. Inside, the absorbed comedian unconcernedly went on acting Rip Van Winkle: outside, the curious multitude, thinking him a comic lunatic, thronged the street till it became impassable. The police fought their way to the spot. The landlady was finally alarmed; and the astonished actor, brought back to the world by the clamor at his door, inquiring if he were ill, at length comprehended the situation, and suspended his rehearsal."

Jefferson left England July 30, 1866, and on September 3 he appeared at the Olympic Theatre, New York. His performance of "Rip" took the house by storm; and we need trace no further the history of a part that for nearly thirty years has held perhaps the chief place in the hearts of American play-goers. To cancel from our stage memories the masterful figure of Joseph Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle" would leave a hiatus indeed.

On September 13, 1880, Mr. Jefferson produced "The Rivals" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and made a pronounced hit as "Bob Acres,"—a part in which he had shone in his youth, and which he revived probably as the most effective answer to the charge that he was a one-part actor. *Apropos* of this widely erroneous impression, Mr. Winter tells a story of Charles Matthews.

"I am glad to see you making your fortune," he said, "but I don't like to see you doing it with one part and a carpet-bag." . . . The comment of Matthews, however, was meant to glance at the one-part policy; and Jefferson's reply to that ebullition was alike significant and good-humored. "It is perhaps better," he said, "to play one part in different ways than to play many parts all in one way." That sentence explains his artistic victory.

Since 1880, the story of Mr. Jefferson's professional life is mainly the record of his pleasant wanderings with "Rip," "Acres," and "Dr. Pangloss." Living mostly at home, and acting but a part of each season, he has devoted himself to painting—an art in which he has achieved some substantial success.

"Several of his works have been exhibited. Some of them have been circulated in etchings. The charm of his pictures, like that of his acting, is tenderness of feeling, combined with a touch of mystery,—an imaginative quality, kindred with the freedom and the wildness that are seen in the paintings of Corot."

Following the biographical essay, and essentially part of it, are four excellent chapters, descriptive and critical of Mr. Jefferson's leading characters. In this special field Mr. Winter is at his best. He conjures back for us with a few vivid touches the familiar figures—the joyous, drunken, wholly disreputable and wholly lovable "Rip"; the debonair "Golightly"; the vamping "Acres"; and, to our thinking best of all, quaint old "Caleb" with his sackcloth coat and his quavering song about the Sparkling Bowl. Not to have seen Joseph Jefferson as "Caleb Plummer" is to have missed perhaps the best exemplification on the modern stage of the ability of the actor to achieve humor—not humor in the popular sense, but that subtle blending of things merry and things sad which

is at once the rarest of arts and the commonest of facts. It will certainly be a satisfaction to Mr. Jefferson to have found so sympathetic a biographer and so sound and eloquent a critic as Mr. Winter.

As already intimated, the book is rich in the materials of theatrical history—old play-bills, casts, press-notices, press-extracts, and the various odds and ends of forgotten stage fact and anecdote. There are a number of illustrations, including portraits of Mr. Jefferson in favorite rôles.

E. G. J.

THE REAL JAPAN OF OLD.*

A year or so ago, Henry Norman, a London newspaper man, published a book entitled "The Real Japan," which gave a remarkably thorough and accurate study of contemporary New Japan. Within the past few years others have been trying to penetrate beneath the surface, and to find out the secrets and mysteries of the inner life of the Japanese. Sir Edwin Arnold found many beauties, but did not get far below the surface. Percival Lowell carried his investigations yet farther, and ascertained many interesting motives of life among the Japanese. But it has been left for Lafcadio Hearn to find "the hidden springs of their life" as no other foreigner has been able to see them; and to describe the real Japan as it has been unaffected by Occidental influences.

Mr. Hearn had unusual opportunities for his work. He tried to adopt native manners and customs; was "wonderfully sensitive to Japanese influences," and thus came into perfect sympathy with all "things Japanese." His home was in Matsue, chief city of Izumo, "the Province of the Gods," where divinity first condescended from heaven to earth, or (as iconoclastic historical critics express it) where emigrants from Korea landed in Japan. His two volumes are modestly entitled: they are more than "glimpses"—they are long searching examinations, microscopical investigations, careful studies. They give the minute facts and fancies of Japanese life for the philosopher to use in ascertaining the meaning of that life.

Mr. Hearn was the first European to enter the inner shrine of the Kitzuki temple, the oldest Shinto temple in Japan. "To see Kitzuki is to see the living centre of Shinto and to feel the life-pulse of the ancient faith." What Shinto is, with "no philosophy, no code of

* GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN. By Lafcadio Hearn. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ethics, no metaphysics," is still a difficult question to answer. Mr. Hearn thinks that the explanation is to be sought "not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional expression." His own explanation is as follows:

"Shinto signifies character in the highest sense,—courage, courtesy, honor, and, above all things, loyalty. The spirit of Shinto is the spirit of filial piety, the zest of duty, the readiness to surrender life for a principle without a thought of wherefore. It is the docility of the child; it is the sweetness of the Japanese woman. . . . It is religion,—but religion transformed into hereditary moral impulse,—religion transmuted into ethical instinct. It is the whole emotional life of the race,—the Soul of Japan."

It is readily noticeable that the meaning of *Yamato-damashii* ("the Japanese spirit") is practically the same as the meaning of the Latin word *pietas*.

The personal experiences of Mr. Hearn while he was holding the position of teacher of English in the Middle School and the Normal School at Matsue are very interesting. He evidently explored with great care the country roundabout. He went to Kaka, where it is forbidden to go if there is wind enough "to move three hairs," and examined the Cave of the Children's Ghosts; to Mionoseki, the god of which hates hen's eggs, hens and chickens, and "the cock above all living creatures"; to Hinomisaki, where "no European has ever been," and where is a far-famed double temple of the Sun-Goddess; to Oki, where "not even a missionary had ever been," and where he found "fine strong men and vigorous women" more numerous than on the mainland; and to several out-of-the-way places.

The two volumes are rich in folk-lore, legends, superstitions, proverbs, and poems. They tell of the magical and beautiful writing of Kobo Daishi, the inventor of the Japanese syllabary; of the jolly worship of Jizo, the sweet-faced God of Children; of the wonderful sights of Enoshima; of the market at which are purchased the articles used in the Feast of Lanterns in honor of the dead, and the weird dance of that festival; of the pathetic custom of double suicide on the part of two lovers, separated in life, but united in death; of the uncanny foxes and badgers, and the worship of Inari Sama, the rice-god; and of many other festivals, manners, and customs, too numerous to mention.

"But these strange beliefs are swiftly passing away. Year by year more shrines of Inari crumble down, never to be rebuilt. Year by year the statuary makes fewer

images of foxes. Year by year fewer victims of fox-possession are taken to the hospitals to be treated according to the best scientific methods by Japanese physicians who speak German. The cause is not to be found in the decadence of the old faiths; a superstition outlives a religion. Much less is it to be sought for in the efforts of proselytizing missionaries from the West—most of whom profess an earnest belief in devils. It is purely educational. The omnipotent enemy of superstition is the public school. . . . The little hands that break the Fox-god's nose in mischievous play can also write essays upon the evolution of plants and about the geology of Izumo. There is no place for ghostly foxes in the beautiful nature-world revealed by new studies to the new generation. The omnipotent exorciser and reformer is the Kodomo [Child]."

Mr. Hearn's style is simple and picturesque, eminently befitting the Oriental life which he describes. He writes pathetically and sympathetically of the life of a dancing-girl, but gives an entirely wrong impression that the *geisha* is spotless. He vividly describes a Japanese garden as absolutely realistic, "at once a picture and a poem—perhaps even more a poem than a picture"; and shows how the trees and stones have "character," "tones and values." The Japanese certainly succeed in finding "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, tongues in the trees."

"Why should the trees be so lovely in Japan? With us a plum or cherry tree in flower is not an astonishing sight; but here it is a miracle of beauty so bewildering that, however much you may have previously read about it, the real spectacle strikes you dumb. You see no leaves,—only one great filmy mist of petals. Is it that the trees have been so long domesticated and caressed by man in this land of the Gods, that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful for man's sake? Assuredly they have mastered men's hearts by their loveliness, like beautiful slaves. That is to say, Japanese hearts. Apparently there have been some foreign tourists of the brutal class in this place, since it has been deemed necessary to set up inscriptions in English announcing that 'It is forbidden to injure the trees.'"

Mr. Hearn tells stories of ghosts and goblins in a way to charm young America; discourses of souls in a way to interest spiritualists; and masterfully analyzes the Japanese smile as a matter of etiquette that demands a stoical manifestation of joy even in adversity or affliction.

"It is the native custom that whenever a painful or shocking fact must be told, the announcement should be made, by the sufferer, with a smile. The graver the subject, the more accentuated the smile; and when the matter is very unpleasant to the person speaking of it, the smile often changes to a low, soft laugh. However bitterly the mother who has lost her first-born may have wept at the funeral, it is probable that, if in your service, she will tell of her bereavement with a smile: like the Preacher, she holds that there is a time to weep and a time to laugh. . . . Yet the laugh was politeness

carried to the utmost point of self-abnegation. It signified: 'This you might honorably think to be an unhappy event; pray do not suffer your superiority to feel concern about so inferior a matter, and pardon the necessity which causes us to outrage politeness by speaking about such an affair at all.'

Some of the sketches in this volume have appeared in the "Japan Mail" and other newspapers, and some in the "Atlantic Monthly"; but almost two-thirds are entirely new.

The great fault of the work is that it is one-sided. The preface merely acknowledges the existence of a "darker side," but calls even this "brightness compared with the darker side of Western existence." Throughout the entire book one rarely meets even a hint that sin exists in Japan; the beauty of the work must not be marred by stains. Japanese life "has its foibles, its follies, its vices, its cruelties," but they don't amount to anything! Kaempfer is quoted with approval: "In the practice of virtue, in purity of life and outward devotion, they far outdo the Christians." Mr. Hearn's "own conviction" that "Japan has nothing to gain by conversion to Christianity" is the usual opinion of "us agnostics," who can scarcely be called "impartial." But it is the calm judgment of many "experienced observers of Japanese life," that true Christianity, with its lofty moral standards, its great spiritual power and personal inspiration, is much needed in New Japan.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

THE CANTERBURY TALES AS POETRY.*

At last we have an edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales adapted to the wants of those who would read them as poetry rather than as a monument of fourteenth century English. Accordingly, there is not obtruded upon the reader's attention, in the editorial matter, a great mass of mere scholarship, which it is very easy in these days to collect. Mr. Pollard has strictly observed, as an editor, the *ne quid nimis*; and that is not an easy thing to do.

This edition, as stated in the Preface, is the result of an engagement entered into, as far back as 1888, by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Pollard, that they should coöperate in the preparation of a complete Library edition of Chaucer, for Messrs. Macmillan & Co. On this arrangement a beginning was made; but Dr. Furnivall's many engagements compelled him to with-

draw from the work soon after it was undertaken. In the meantime, Professor Skeat, who, in his Chaucer studies and editing, had been for years collating texts and collecting notes and elucidations of various kinds, planned an edition on a large scale (now in course of publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.). Says Mr. Pollard:

"I gladly abandoned, in favor of an editor of so much greater width of reading, the Library edition which had been arranged for in the original agreement of Dr. Furnivall and myself with Messrs. Macmillan. I thought, however, that the work which I had done might fairly be used for an edition on a less extensive plan and intended for a less stalwart class of readers, and of this the present issue of the Canterbury Tales is an instalment."

The London Chaucer Society's Six-Text Edition of the Canterbury Tales revealed the great superiority of the Ellesmere MS. Upon this the text of the edition before us is based, the Six Texts and the Harleian MS. 7334 having been carefully collated, and all variations from the Ellesmere being stated in the foot-notes. These variations are not numerous enough to make the page dreary; and the text is not disfigured by marks calling attention to them. There is great certainty now, especially in the case of the Canterbury Tales, as to what Chaucer actually wrote,—far greater certainty than there is as to what Shakespeare wrote; and it is to be hoped that the text of this edition, and of Professor Skeat's edition, will be accepted by the learned world as final. It is hard to see what more could be done. Of course there are many scholars who don't like to have things settled. Othello's occupation would be gone.

To notice the chief editorial features of Mr. Pollard's edition, as presented in his Preface:

The glossing of obsolete words in the foot-notes is kept within the smallest limits possible, a glossary of the commoner words being appended to the second volume, to avoid explaining them whenever they occur. "To interrupt one's enjoyment of poetry," says the editor, "by looking up words in a glossary appears to me an intolerable penance, and I have therefore put explanations of the obsolete words in foot-notes to the pages where they first occur."

It is truly refreshing in these days of engulging scholarship, to meet with an editor of Chaucer (or any other poet, indeed), who, regarding annotations and other editorial things as necessary evils, makes it a special object to reduce these evils as far as he can consistently with the real wants of the general reader.

* CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES. Edited, with notes and introduction, by Alfred W. Pollard. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Where the final *e* (the common residual of various earlier inflections) has a syllabic value in the verse, a single small dot is placed over it, which is scarcely noticeable when the eye is cast over the page.

Accephalous verses, which occur occasionally, are indicated by an accent over the vowel of the syllable of which an initial foot consists; *e. g.*,—

"Twenty bookes clad in blak or red."

The spelling of the Ellesmere MS. has been followed, without regard to uniformity; the modern use of *u* and *v*, *i* and *j*, being, however, adopted; and in a few words—very few—where *y* in the MS. stands for the Semi-Saxon *g*, it is represented by the *g* in present use. In regard to uniformity of spelling, the editor quotes what Dr. Furnivall wrote on the subject, six-and-twenty years ago:

"To force a uniform spelling on Chaucer—by whatever process arrived at—would be to force a lie on him and on the history of the English language; an evil for which no fancied gain in convenience of teaching boys could compensate. Before him for hundreds of years is no uniformity; after him for centuries, none; why in the works of him—the free and playful—above all others, are letters to lose their power of wandering at their own sweet will; why are words to be debarred their rightful inheritance of varying their forms? This notion of a uniform spelling, as applied to Chaucer's words, is to me a Monster, bred by Artificialness out of False Analogy."

To this the editor adds:

"The variations of spelling which can safely be eliminated never really disguise a word, and the attempt to introduce into Chaucer's English a modified system of phonetic spelling (phonetic as applied to vowels, if not to consonants) seems to me to involve an assumption of knowledge as to the poet's individual pronunciation considerably beyond what we can lay claim to."

It would have been well if the editor had introduced into his Preface, to make the work quite complete in itself, the results arrived at by Alexander J. Ellis, in his "Early English Pronunciation," as to the powers of the letters in Chaucer—results which are generally accepted by Chaucer scholars. There is not a full agreement among them; but anyone who would train his voice (and it requires much training) to read Chaucer fluently according to Ellis, and with due expression, would get at much of the flavor of the poet's language, not to be otherwise got at. A fluent reading of his verse is the most effectual way of assimilating its moulding spirit. Chaucer continues to be one of the great masters of verse in the literature,—Dryden's monstrous chatter about the progress of English verse to the contrary notwithstanding:

"We must be children before we grow men. There

was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared."

What rhetorical nonsense! Even in the use of the rhyming couplet, Chaucer surpasses immeasurably both Dryden and Pope. His thought is not so paddocked therein. In his hands it is not the "rocking horse," as Keats characterizes it, which it is in the hands of Dryden and Pope. Of Waller, Dryden says that "he first made writing easily an art, first showed us to conclude the sense, most commonly in distichs," etc. One great merit of Chaucer's use of the couplet is, that he does *not* conclude the sense most commonly in distichs. His sensitiveness as to melody did not allow him to run into a mechanical uniformity.

All who read Chaucer as a poet rather than as a writer of fourteenth century English must give this edition of the poet's masterpiece a hearty welcome.

HIRAM CORSON.

CURIOSITIES OF AFRICAN FOLK-LORE.*

For some time past the American Folk-Lore Society has been engaged in raising an especial publication fund for publishing a series of Memoirs. The first volume resulting from its efforts is Chatelain's "Folk-Tales of Angola." Angola is certainly one of the most important political divisions of Africa. A possession of Portugal, it lies on the west coast, between 4° 40' and 17° 20' south latitude. With great and varied natural resources, with considerable diversity in climate and topography, the country is quite naturally divided into several great "districts," each with its own capital and its own population. The four great districts are called Kongo, Loanda, Benguella, and Mossamedes. The capital city of Kongo is *Kabinda*; the capitals of the other districts bear the same names as these. The people of Kongo are called *Kongo*; those of Loanda are the *Angola* proper, or *A-mbundu*; those of Benguella are the *Ovi-mbundu*; those of Mossamedes do not form a well-marked group, but are much like the *Ovi-mbundu* but with affinities with the *Ova-Herero* and *Ova-Ndonga* of German Africa. Our author gives detailed lists of the tribes in each of these groups, and states their geographical location. The stories he pre-

* FOLK-TALES OF ANGOLA. By Heli Chatelain. Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society, Vol. I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sents to us are in the *Ki-mbundu* language of Angola proper. They represent two dialects—the *Loanda* and the *Mbaka*.

Having thus located his field, geographical and linguistic, our author gives valuable ethnological data concerning those who speak *Ki-mbundu*. Their government is tribal: there is a chief, with two standing officers, and a council. The organization of the family, as among the Bantu generally, is based upon maternal kinship and inheritance; the mother and child are the nearest relations; the mother's brother owns nephews and nieces, and can sell them, although they are also his heirs, both of property and position. We shall pass the rest of our author's ethnological notes, but must quote one important statement:

"The ever-repeated assertion that Africans are fetichists, that is, worshippers of inanimate objects, is utterly false, or else all superstitious people are fetichists. . . . [The Angolans] are not idolaters in the strict sense, nor atheists, nor fetichists, nor polytheists, but superstitious deists. . . . True fetichism I have found in Africa, among ignorant Portuguese, who do assert and believe that this or that image is God, does work miracles and must be worshipped, not as a mere symbol of its spiritual prototype, but as the actual incarnation or embodiment of it, equal in all respects to the original."

After this consideration of country and people, Mr. Chatelain discusses African folk-lore in general and Angolan folk-lore in particular. Having traced the study of folk-lore in other parts of Africa, he says:

"Proceeding to West Africa, we look at the great province of Angola, where Europeans have been settled for about four centuries, and we search in vain, through a pile of colonial publications, for a single native folk-tale. When intelligent Europeans have been four hundred years living and mixing with a native population and never recorded a single sample of the natives' oral literature, is that not superabundant proof of its non-existence? . . . Yet as soon as we intelligently and persistently searched for it, that literature revealed itself to us in amazing luxuriance. One of the dullest native boys was able, unaided, to dictate to us, from the book of his memory, over sixty tales and fables, a material equal to that of the largest collection of African tales ever yet published."

Of real Negro folk-lore there are but a few collections. Those of Callaway, Theal, Koelle, Schön, and Chatelain, are about all. From a study of the whole material our author deduces several propositions, among them the following:

(a) African folk-lore is not a tree of itself, but a branch from one universal tree: many myths, favorite types or characters, and incidents, of frequent recurrence elsewhere, are also found in Africa.

(b) Portuguese and Arab stories may be recognized but they are entirely worked over and localized.

(c) African folk-lore abounds in animal stories.

(d) The folk-lore of the Bantu is remarkably homogeneous and compact.

(e) In the animal stories, each animal, while true to its real nature, shows the same character and plays the same role everywhere.

(f) Many of the stories are etiologic, attempting to assign a cause or origin for natural phenomena or for individual characteristics.

Our author finds among the Angolans a veritable native classification of oral literature. This classification he follows. It seems that they recognize:

(1) Fictitious tales—containing a miraculous element; beginning and ending usually with a set formula: *mi-soso*.

(2) Narratives—supposedly true; sometimes instructive: *maka*.

(3) Historical traditions—chronicles of the tribes handed down by the jealous care of the headmen and elders: *ma-lunda* or *mi-sendu*.

(4) Proverbs—closely connected with the *maka*, which are often but an illustration of a proverb; (a proverb is frequently a narrative in a nutshell): *ji-sabu*.

(5) Poetry and music—extemporization is very common; songs are called: *mi-imbu*.

(6) Riddles—for pastime and amusement; often with set formula preceding and following: *ji-nongonongo*.

In the present volume we have samples of but two of these classes—the *mikoso* and the *maka*. Fifty of these samples are given. The first story, which is very long, is printed in the original Loanda, with a literal interlinear translation. The remaining stories are printed in the original language, with a careful English translation on the opposite page. In these translations the author aims to preserve the simple and direct form of the original and to depict the mode of thought of the narrator. Notes—historical, linguistic, ethnographic, comparative, and critical,—follow the stories. The whole work is scholarly, and will be of great value to linguists and ethnographers.

Some of the stories are long and elaborately detailed; others are brief, summarized; some show keenness of perception, delicacy of expression, beauty of thought; many convey lessons of importance. The first story, no better than many of the others, shows several points of interest. It begins with the usual formula, *Eme ngateletele*—"I often tell of," corresponding to our "Once upon a time." It ends with, "I have told my little story; whether good or bad, I have finished." Self-depreciation by a performer appears to be world-wide! *Fenda Maria* is a young girl, locked up by her mother, who is jealous of her beauty. Escaping, she searches for a lover, even more beautiful than herself, who is bound by a magic sleep; by helping an old woman, she is instructed as to

how she may find and release the young man; when found, he must be awakened by the weeping of twelve jars full of tears: wearied in this labor, she calls her slave to relieve her; this one plays her false, gains the prince, and poor Fenda Maria is reduced to slavery. Of course, in the end, she gains the victory by magic means. The conclusion is tragic: "*Fele Milanda* [the husband] called young men two. They lift *Kamasoxi* [the traitor slave] and they put her into the barrel of coal-tar, and they set it on fire. Kamasoxi then burns, gets charred; a little bone flies up, alights on Fenda Maria. Fenda Maria then rubs herself with it." This is common custom in Africa: anointing one's self with charcoal of burnt bone or flesh protects against enemies, material and spiritual.

Very commonly the whole story is summarized, in a single paragraph, just before it ends. These summaries are really models. Thus, a two-page story is summarized as follows:—"A young man married his wife. The man had four brothers. The woman whom he married knew not their names. When she went to pound, a little bird told her the names of her brothers-in-law." Angolan stories are often etiologic. At times the etiological idea remains in suspense, quite unsuspected, until the close of the tale. Thus, a story of three girls and a little child, who visit the *makishi* (cannibals) is quite excitingly told through nearly five pages; the girls barely escape with their lives and only with the aid of Hawk, to whom they promise payment. When he arrives to claim his reward, "he says: 'ye pay me now'; they said: 'we cannot pay thee into hands; thou thyself, the fowls are here, help thyself.' The Hawk assented. And thus it remained: the Hawk, who is wont to catch fowls, of old he did not catch them; he was eating locusts and small birds only."

The folk-lore student will make many interesting comparisons between these Angola tales and the lore of other peoples. The author makes many such in the notes. Of course there are frequent resemblances to "Uncle Remus's" stories of our Southern negroes. We meet both parts of the tar-baby story. In the story of Leopard, Monkey, and Hare, we have the sticky figures used as a trap to catch the two latter creatures. In the story of the Man and the Turtle, we have the balance of our old favorite. A man caught a turtle; the neighbors said, "Let us kill it!" They propose using hatchets; the turtle replies,

"Turtle of Koka,
And hatchet of Koka,
Hatchet not hurt me a bit."

Stones, fire, knives, are suggested, and, on account of his indifference, rejected. At last they said, "Let us cast him into the depth of the water." The turtle replying, "Woe! I shall die there! how shall I do?" he is thrown into the river. After diving, he rises, and sings as he swims:

"In water, in my home,
In water, in my home."

But we must stop. The collection is an excellent one, admirably presented and annotated. It is rare that so important and scholarly a contribution is made at once to folk-lore, ethnography, and linguistics. Mr. Chatelain is to be congratulated upon producing so good a work, and the American Folk-lore Society upon securing it as its first volume of *Memoirs*.

FREDERICK STARR.

RECENT ENGLISH NOVELS.*

With whatever anticipatory pleasure one may take up a new novel by Mr. George Meredith, there is some admixture (to the reviewer, at least) of the sense of duty—of a duty whose aspect is less gracious than forbidding and stern. For through what thickets of verbiage, what devious paths of involved construction, what thorny jungles of half-realized expression, he must pursue the characters and the plot, he knows but too well from his recollection of former forays in Mr. Meredith's preserves. He finds it extremely discouraging, for example, when at the outset of his task, to come upon such a passage as the following, all for the purpose of explain-

* *LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA*. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TRILBY. A Novel. By George Du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MANXMAN. A Novel. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MY LADY RUTH. A Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE MAIDEN'S PROGRESS. A Novel in Dialogue. By Violet Hunt. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HIGHLAND COUSINS. A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE VAGABONDS. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A DRAMA IN DUTCH. By Z. Z. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE THING THAT HATH BEEN; or, *A Young Man's Mistakes*. By Arthur Herman Gilkes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

DR. JANET OF HARLEY STREET. A Novel. By Arabella Kenaly. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A CHANGE OF AIR. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE GREEN CARNATION. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ing that the heroine is a "brune," and that it would never have done for her to be anything else:

"Some of the boys regretted her not being fair. But, as they felt, and sought to explain, in the manner of the wag of a tail, with elbows and eyebrows to one another's understanding, fair girls could never have let fly such a look; fair girls are softer, woollier, and when they mean to look serious, overdo it by craping solemn, or they pinafore a jiggling eagerness, or hoist propriety on a chubby flaxen grin; or else they dart an eye, or they mince and prim and pout, and are sigh-away and dying-ducky, given to girls' tricks."

This is surely English in delirium tremens, and the disease is too frequently recurrent in this and in milder forms. Yet the reader who, undeterred, accepts it as inevitable, and has the heart to persevere, is not without his reward. There is character, there is passion, there is even simple strength at times; there is, moreover, an ideal of robust humanity, vigorous enough to sweep aside petty conventions (although in the process those conventions, which, so far from being petty, are the very base of the social fabric, sometimes go by the board as well), and to view life *sub specie eternitatis*. We are again impressed (as so often before) with the analogy between Mr. Meredith's genius and that of the late Robert Browning—an analogy based upon a fundamental theory of life no less than upon perversity of expression. And of the latter, we may make for Mr. Meredith the defence made for Browning by Mr. Swinburne when he says that the poet "is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity." Such a defence, justifiable to a certain point, may of course easily be read as granting too much. After all, it does not excuse; it only palliates. And it does not make a Tennyson (or an artist equal in rank) of Browning any more than it makes a Thackeray of Mr. George Meredith.

The prompt success scored by Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" is one of those things that restore confidence, often sadly shaken, in the public taste. For the success is richly deserved, even when we judge the book by an exacting standard—and it does not seem accountable for otherwise than as following from a true appreciation of the artistic quality of Mr. Du Maurier's genial transcript of life. The drawings count for something, to be sure; but one would suppose the book handicapped for the average reader by its lack of a plot, as the term is commonly understood. And it must be admitted that the book is very imperfect from the standpoint of construction. The nice theorists who formulate and lay down the laws of the novel will not easily fit this one into any of their schemes, and it may well prove the despair of the student of literary architectonics. The hypnotism business, for example, is unjustifiable both in science and in art, and seriously mars the work. But this stricture, as well as the many others that might be made, only illustrates

anew the fact that genius may do almost anything and yet be forgiven. And genius Mr. Du Maurier certainly has, if deep insight into character, rich criticism of life, delicate artistic perceptions, and a shrewd and wholesome humor, are enough to constitute that not easily definable quality. In the first half of the book, every page is a delight; the latter half only is a little disappointing. The *naïve* way in which the author takes you into his confidence from the start is irresistibly winning; the descriptions of student life in the Latin Quarter are as inimitable as those of Thackeray or Murger; the pathos of Trilby's life and fate is exquisite; and the unconventional diction with which all these matters are set forth is most refreshing. The omnivorous reader, a little tired of writers so intent upon the manner of their saying things that they have no time to find things worth saying, will eagerly welcome a man who has viewed life with tenderness and a sane outlook, and who has so much to report that he occasionally forgets to polish his paragraphs, if indeed, he do not deliberately eschew the ways of the stylist.

Mr. Hall Caine, after certain literary wanderings into strange foreign parts, has returned to the scene in which his first conspicuous success as a novelist was made, and produced, in "The Manxman," a work which must sensibly increase his reputation. The outline of this new novel is comparatively simple, and it culminates in an episode which is, *mutatis mutandis*, essentially that of "The Scarlet Letter." The narrative, which exhibits great elaboration of detail, displays a mastery of tragic irony, and has passages of singular power; but yet, when we think for a moment of the art of Hawthorne, we see that far greater power is possible with far less of elaboration, and wonder whether Mr. Caine would not have been better advised had he worked along simpler lines. As a minute and faithful study of a locality and a variety of the human species, this Manx romance is entitled to the highest praise. We are made to know the people as if we had lived with them for years, and doubtless they are interesting enough to be made the subject of so thorough a treatment. Mr. Caine's genius, moreover, weighted as it is upon the emotional side of the balance, fits him to deal with people under such primitive conditions as obtain in the Isle of Man. He would hardly be at home in the world of Thackeray or George Eliot.

Right into the midst of the Thirty Years War, into the most hideous and meaningless chapter in the annals of all modern warfare, we are plunged by the new romance of Mr. Stanley Weyman. The scene is focussed upon the summer of 1632, the period between Breitenfeld and Lützen, the weeks when the Swedish king confronted Wallenstein before Nürnberg and made of the peaceful valley of the Pegnitz an armed camp. With these scenes for a background, Mr. Weyman has told the story of a noble lady, driven from her home, exposed to all

the perils of travel in that lawless time, and to the greater peril of the love of a brutal soldier of fortune whose protection she unwittingly seeks, until, after many vicissitudes, she emerges from her difficulties as every well-conducted heroine of romance is bound to emerge, and once more finds peace and happiness and all the other things that have to come at the end of the story. The book is, of course, one of the most stirring sort of adventure, and the author has "got up" his period and his accessories well enough. But the action is more confused and the incidents upon a scale of greater monotony than, say, in "A Gentleman of France," and we are inclined to think that Mr. Weyman has done better work on at least two, and possibly on three or four, occasions.

To write a whole novel in dialogue, or after the manner of Mr. Howells's farces, was a somewhat daring undertaking, especially on the part of a writer who was to forego dramatic incident almost altogether, and rely upon the sparkle of conversation to sustain the interest. "The Maiden's Progress" is unquestionably clever, and abounds in little touches that show delicate observation and sympathy. Taken a few pages at a time, it is extremely readable; run through at a sitting, it palls. Nor is the story remarkable for coherency either of character or plot. Whipped cream is excellent in its way, but there should be some sort of pudding beneath.

One does not nowadays expect a new novel by Mr. Black to furnish very substantial nutriment, but there are limits to the permissible dilution even of gruel, and it must be said that "Highland Cousins" exceeds those limits. The book offers us the old Highland background, the old and badly worn stage-sets, the old Gaelic talk, and absolutely nothing to relieve the monotony of these too familiar adjuncts. We suppose that there are persons who have never read a novel by Mr. Black, and to such it may be imagined that this latest of the long line might have a message and a charm; but it is not easy for the jaded reviewer to assume the suggested standpoint, and we must be content to note that the present work is more exclusively provincial than most of its predecessors, that it tells a pretty and pathetic story, and that it contains nothing likely to haunt the memory long after the closing page has been read. But the simple and unpretending plan of the narrative should disarm criticism; and then, the author is by no means the only modern novelist who has repeated himself. Besides, few have the grace to repeat themselves in so frank and unblushing a way.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods made her first appearance in literature with "A Village Tragedy," published nearly six years ago. A year or two later she published "Esther Vanhomrigh." The first of these books was a masterpiece of the tragic idyll; the other was as unquestionably a masterpiece of historical fiction. So undoubted a success in two so distinct fields of the art of fiction naturally at-

tracted much attention to the hitherto unknown writer, and the most discerning critics were lavish in their appreciation of the rare qualities displayed by Mrs. Woods in her work. We hardly need, then, to bespeak a welcome for "The Vagabonds," her third novel, now just appeared. It must be classed with "A Village Tragedy" rather than with her brilliant study of the life and times of Swift, and is at least the equal of its predecessor. The characters are very humble folk indeed, merely the members of a strolling show, circus performers and menagerie attendants. Nothing is spared us of their illiteracy, their vulgarity, or their vice; yet the art of the writer is such that our thought does not dwell upon these things overmuch, but is rather led to contemplate the common humanity which is ours no less than theirs. Pathos we may expect in such a story, and maudlin pathos is too frequent an element in tales of the lowly, intended to arouse a cheap sentimentality in readers belonging to a higher social stratum. But the aim of the present writer is a far higher one, and her pathos, so far from being cheap, is of the noble sort that levels all social distinctions, and sets us face to face with the fundamental verities of life. How often we are forced to exclaim, "This is truth," and not merely truth in the barren sense of the photographic realist, but truth as it exists for the artist, truth sublimated and significant. The art of Mrs. Woods is the art of the true realists, the art of "George Eliot," for example, in her scenes of village or provincial life. To make of the clown of an itinerant circus the hero of a novel was a daring task indeed, and it is a true spiritual triumph that we should be forced to accept him as a man and a brother, which we clearly must do in the present instance. The author of "The Manxman" has done something akin to this; but his method, when compared with that of Mrs. Woods, shows obvious traces of the melodramatic. In this special achievement, the woman is at once a simpler and a subtler artist than the man.

Under the modest disguise of the initials "Z. Z.," a new writer, seemingly emulous of "Maarten Maartens," bids for our interest in a little group of Dutch settlers in London. This "Drama in Dutch" is a very simple story, and the people with whom it deals are merely transplanted Dutchmen, preserving intact, in their new colony, their national characteristics. Before the end is reached, we feel pretty well acquainted with them, both in their industrious money-getting and in their domestic surroundings, and this is a great effect for any writer to achieve. The author can hardly be other than a Dutchman himself — his knowledge and sympathy are too evident to be otherwise explained — but he writes an irreproachable English, and his manner is engaging. Most readers will feel themselves distinctly defrauded in the outcome of this "drama," for the long-lost son is not discovered, or the reverse, by the long-lost father, although both are upon the scene, thus furnishing the conditions of a

climax which, according to all the traditions of good story-telling, we have a right to expect. The element of pathos in the story becomes it well, and is distinctly marked.

The master of an English public school is responsible for as unliterary and curiously dull a piece of story-telling as is often seen. His taste as a stylist may be seen in the title, "The Thing that Hath Been; or, A Young Man's Mistakes," a formula which would have handicapped "Vanity Fair" itself. The book deals with the inner life of an English school, and no details are too petty and insignificant to find a place in its pages. The chief character is a young man destitute of breeding, but endowed with a certain intellectual force, who for a time occupies a master's place. He is distinguished by a bluntness in saying what he thinks and an uncomfortably logical way in putting things, which characteristics seem intended to deserve our sympathy, but utterly fail in their purpose. If we are to accept the graceless realism of this book, the English public school is a place without tone or manly feeling, a place where the masters are given over to bickering and to devices for shirking their duties, to say nothing of being brutal in their relations to one another, and where the boys are dull, idle, and unambitious. But this picture is probably as far away from the average truth as is, in the other direction, the picture of Arnold's Rugby, made familiar to us all by the classic account of Judge Hughes.

The heroine of "Dr. Janet of Harley Street" is a young woman who, at the age of seventeen, is engaged to marry a French marquis of some fifty summers. All goes well until the wedding morning, when the elderly wooer does violence to the maidenly susceptibilities of his betrothed by kissing her in the garden of her mother's house. Still, the marriage ceremony is permitted to take place, but it is no sooner over than the bride takes flight from her country home, goes up to London, and walks the streets in search of employment. Being penniless, she passes the first night *à la belle étoile*; a repetition of this dismal experience is spared her by the accident of finding a grimly good-natured physician of her own sex, who takes her into the household, and sets her to studying medicine. In the course of time an attractive professor of chemistry appears upon the scene, and the usual entanglement ensues. A second wedding follows upon a false report of the death of the marquis; the discovery that he still lives places the heroine in the uncomfortable position of a bigamist. Whereupon the redoubtable Dr. Janet seeks out the marquis, and urges him to commit suicide as the best way of clearing the atmosphere. This he obligingly does, with the accompaniment of an interesting attack of delirium tremens, and the story ends. Everything about it is, of course, in the highest degree absurd, while a hysterical method and the introduction of much distantly irrelevant matter deprive the book

of its last hope of arousing the interest, as even a very absurd story may possibly do, when told by a writer having some share of the novelist's instinct.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new story is so different from "The Prisoner of Zenda" that the reviewer finds a complete readjustment of focus necessary. Instead of intrigue, adventure, and the atmosphere of romance, we have a simple story of an English country town, told in the best of taste, and distinctly novel in plot. The hero is a poet who has become famous by his audacious denunciations of kings, priests, and tyrants in general, to say nothing of the social order in which it is possible for them to exist. He takes up residence in a quiet village, and his presence, reinforced by his lurid reputation, considerably flutters the rural dovescotes. Falling in love with the daughter of a local magnate, his views undergo a remarkable modification, and he even pens an ode to a visiting prince. These relapses secure for him the deadly hatred of a radical physician of the neighborhood, who has taken the poet's rhetoric far too seriously, and who now treats him as a "lost leader." For a time, the situation grows almost tragic, but the story ends happily for most of those concerned. It is impossible to help discerning in the hero's career a sort of travesty of Mr. Swinburne's progress from his early radicalism to the conservatism of his later years. But suggestions of this sort need not, of course, be applied too literally.

Readers of Mr. Mallock's "New Republic" during recent years must often have thought that the Mr. Rose of the satire, obviously a caricature as far as Walter Pater is concerned, was far from being a bad likeness of Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose meteoric career was a thing of the future at the time when Mr. Mallock wrote. The hero of "The Green Carnation" is Mr. Rose over again, much exaggerated, with a neat taste for paradox superadded to his old insistence upon the value of the moment and the mood, thus reminding us still more distinctly of the author of a certain pleasant essay on "The Decay of Lying." The new book, like the old one which it suggests, aims to satirize some of the men and movements most prominent to-day in English life and literature. It, too, has for its machinery a house party and the incidents and discussions thereto appertaining, but in the present case the names of those at whom its shafts are aimed are not disguised. Here is a typical example:

"'Dear Lady!' said Esme, getting up out of his chair slowly, 'intelligence is the demon of our age. Mine bores me horribly. I am always trying to find a remedy for it. I have experimented with absinthe, but gained no result. I have read the collected works of Walter Besant. They are said to sap the mental powers. They did not sap mine. Opium has proved useless, and green tea cigarettes leave me positively brilliant. What am I to do? I so long for the lethargy, the sweet peace of stupidity. If only I were Lewis Morris!'"

There is a certain cleverness, although of a cheap

sort, in this kind of writing, but a whole volume of it grows wearisome. Here is another and rather taking bit:

"I will stay at home and read the last number of 'The Yellow Diaster.' I want to see Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's idea of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has drawn him sitting in a wheelbarrow in the gardens of Lambeth Palace, with underneath him the motto, 'J'y suis, j'y reste.' I believe he has on a black mask. Perhaps that is to conceal the likeness.' I have seen it,' Mrs. Windsor said; 'it is very clever. There are only three lines in the whole picture, two for the wheelbarrow and one for the Archbishop.'"

Such a book as this calls for sampling rather than for comment, and we select the following for our final extract. The hero, as before, is the speaker.

"What shall I give you for a wedding present, Reggie? I think I will give you the Book of Common Prayer in the vulgar tongue. One would think it was something written by a realist. The adjectives would apply to the productions of George Moore, which are boycotted by Smith on account of their want of style or something of the sort. If George Moore could only learn the subtle art of indecency he might be tolerable. As it is, he is, like Miss Yonge, merely tedious and domesticated. He ought to associate more with educated people, instead of going perpetually to the dependent performances of the Independent Theatre, whose motto seems to be, 'If I don't shock you, I'm a Dutchman!' How curiously archaic it must feel to be a Dutchman. It must be like having been born in Iceland, or educated in a grammar school. I would give almost anything to feel really Dutch for half-an-hour."

We are not surprised to hear that "The Green Carnation" has made something of a flutter in London. But we shall be greatly surprised if anyone is found to read it ten years from now.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Life and men
as seen by a
portrait painter.*

A capital autobiography, and a real *multum in parvo* in point of anecdotal good things, is George P. A. Healy's "Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter" (McClurg). Mr. Healy, as the world knows, was a master of the brush, and his book shows that he could wield the pen with a fluent neatness that might put many a professed writer to the blush. In Part I., he sketches rapidly and deftly the story of his life and of his progress as a painter,—of his childish dabbings with the toy colors; his first portrait, first sale, and first patron; his journey to Europe and taste of bohemianism in Paris and London; his marriage, early struggles, and final success; his return home, and his experiences in Chicago, then a chaotic, rude town, where squalor elbowed incipient finery; where the Dives of to-day was the Lazarus of yesterday; where the calico, pork, and grocery millionaires were yet in the bud, thrifty, and suspicious of art, yet, as potential ancestors, not unwilling to have their portraits done in "ile"; and where "un-

couth shanties reared their shabby heads close to fine new mansions." Chicago has not, perhaps, lost all her old characteristics. In Part II., the author writes of his friends and his sitters; and among the latter, we need scarcely say, were many of the most distinguished people of the old and the new worlds. Thiers, Gambetta, Guizot, Louis Philippe, the Abbé Liszt, Lincoln, Grant, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Pope Pius IX., and William B. Ogden of Chicago, have sat before his easel; and for each he has a page or so of graphic anecdote and comment. There is a glimpse of Queen Victoria, and it is not a pleasant one. Mr. Healy was at Windsor, copying a Lawrence portrait, when the Queen and Prince Albert, crossing the gallery, stopped to glance at his work. "As she wished for some details as to the order the King of France had given me, she turned to her husband, saying, 'Ask Mr. Healy if,' etc.; and Prince Albert put the questions to me, as though he had been translating from a foreign tongue. Then she exclaimed, looking at my copy, 'It is extremely like,' and, with the slightest possible bend of the head, passed on. I own that my American blood rather boiled in my veins." Not much more courteous was Mr. Healy's treatment at the hands of "Old Hickory"—though the outcome of his visit to the veteran was successful. He had been commissioned to paint Jackson's portrait by Louis Philippe, and found the old hero at the Hermitage, suffering from dropsy, propped in his great arm-chair, and in a thoroughly Jacksonian temper. "Can't sit, sir,—can't sit," he answered curtly, on learning Mr. Healy's errand. "But, General," urged the painter, "the King of France, who has sent me all this way on purpose to paint you, will be greatly disappointed." "Can't sit, sir,—not for all the Kings in Christendom," still growled the veteran; and Mr. Healy beat a retreat, discomfited. The sitting was afterwards granted at the instance of Mrs. Jackson, wife of the General's adopted son, and a prime favorite. "Mrs. Jackson told me afterwards," says Mr. Healy, "that her task had not been an easy one. At her first words he exclaimed,—'Can't sit, child. Let me die in peace.' She insisted, used her best arguments—all in vain. Finally, she said, 'Father, I should so much like you to sit.' He hesitated, much moved by her earnestness, and, with tears in his eyes, answered,—'My child, I will sit.'" The portrait proved satisfactory, and it led to other commissions. The book is prettily gotten up, and the many portraits after originals by Mr. Healy form an element of decided interest.

*Life and works of
Samuel Longfellow.*

The two handsome volumes containing the "Letters and Sermons of Samuel Longfellow" (Houghton) bring us into contact with a very sweet and lovable soul, the brother and biographer of the poet whose name is so dear to all. This younger brother was also poet as well as preacher; and though his poetic genius was of narrow range, yet it was true and delicate in quality, and to it we owe some of the finest

modern hymns. They are hymns of universal religion, tender, catholic, thoughtful. In these he made his chief contribution to the world; by them he will be remembered and honored. He was a preacher of a very inclusive and progressive Christianity, rational and yet spiritual, free and yet devout, radical and yet both appreciative and affirmative. As a pastor, he was the delight of children, the inspirer of youth, the teacher of mature men and women, the guide to peace for troubled souls, the comforter of those who mourn. He was not a pulpit orator, nor was he a church organizer; but wherever he ministered, in Fall River, Brooklyn, or Germantown, he made himself felt in every good work and for every good cause. All lives that he touched he blessed and beautified; his memory is treasured by all who knew him for the gracious and gentle spirit which he diffused wherever he went. The book of hymns, the joint work of himself and his intimate friend Samuel Johnson, was his main literary venture in early life. Later he contributed many articles to reviews and magazines on religious topics. His last years were devoted to the preparation of the biography of his distinguished brother, which he completed to the satisfaction of all. His sweet and quiet spirit shows through all his pages, as it did in the man himself. Still, he was a man of courage and force who could act as well as write and preach. He was a brave reformer in his way, an early enemy of the institution of slavery, always nobly aggressive against all forms of sin. Mr. Joseph May, a worthy son of a distinguished father, Samuel J. May, has done his editorial work in these volumes with fine taste and with good judgment. In the first volume the life-story is presented largely in the words of Mr. Longfellow, taken from his correspondence with Samuel Johnson, Edward Everett Hale, and a few others, whom we here meet in ways of pleasantness. The second volume contains the "Essays and Sermons." There is nothing very startling or luminous here, but the reader will find great themes treated in an instructive and helpful manner. The spirit is broad, the thought is clear and strong, the language is chaste, the tone is reverent, the teaching is human and spiritual.

"Max O'Rell"
among the
English.

Our candid friend "Max O'Rell," in his "John Bull & Co." (Webster), takes a wider geographical flight than usual. Having described, to the satisfaction of everyone but his victims, the senior member of this enterprising firm, he further avenges Waterloo by "showing up the colonial branches in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa." "Max O'Rell" writes with all his old *verve* and shrewdness. Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Honolulu, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Cape Town, Kimberley, etc., are "written up"—or written down—in turn, and the local humors and foibles are hit off with characteristic point and good temper. Entertainment is not unmingled with instruction. Writing, for instance, of the natives of Queensland, the author testifies, we

are glad to note, not only to the actual existence but to the imputed miraculous properties of our old friend the boomerang. Certain abortive experiments of our own with this instrument had weakened our faith in the current accounts of it; but "Max O'Rell" has seen it, and seen it perform. The boomerang, he says, is a flat piece of wood about two and a half feet long, arched somewhat like a triangle. "The Queenslander spies an object at some distance from him. The boomerang, after having hit this object (if it is a living thing its end has come), mounts into the air like a bird, with a whirling as of wings, to a height of *sixty to eighty yards*, describes immense circles, and, if cleverly thrown, comes back in its fall to the feet of the thrower." The most exacting could ask no more of it. The volume is generously illustrated with photographic prints.

Baedeker's
Guide-book
to Canada.

A guide-book bearing the name of Baedeker naturally supersedes all others, and it is with no little satisfaction that we place the new "Canada" on the shelf with all the rest. "The Dominion of Canada, with Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska" (imported by Scribner) is the full title of the book, and Mr. J. F. Muirhead, who did the "United States" so well for the same series, is the author. All the familiar features are here, the condensation, the wealth of exact information, the supply of just those facts that travellers want to know, the convenient arrangement of routes, and the beautiful maps which so put to shame the best American efforts in this direction. The special features of the work are Dr. J. G. Bourinot's essay on "The Constitution of Canada," Dr. G. M. Dawson's "Geographical and Geological Sketch," and the article on "Sports and Pastimes" contributed by Messrs. W. H. Fuller and E. T. D. Chambers. The article on Newfoundland is mainly the work of the Rev. Moses Harvey. Since the book is designed largely for English tourists, it includes the transatlantic routes, as well as those from New York and Boston to Montreal and Quebec. A book like this does not offer much room for the personality of a writer, but touches are not wanting, as for example, in the description of Cape Trinity on the Saguenay, in which we read: "The front of the cliffs is defaced by the staring advertisement of a Quebec tradesman, whom, it is hoped, all right-minded tourists will on this account religiously boycott." This hope we are only too happy to echo.

The Diary
of a Boston
school-girl.

An engaging little work, and a choice piece of book-making withal, is the "Diary of Anna Green Winslow" (Houghton), edited, with introduction and copious notes, by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle. The diarist was a bright little scion of sound Puritan stock, who in 1770 was sent, at the age of ten, from Nova Scotia to Boston, her parents' birthplace, to be duly "finished" at Boston schools by Boston teachers. Recording with delightful *naïveté* her own small

experiences, and quietly regardful, like all sharp "little pitchers," of her unwary elders, she has left us a really capital silhouette of the domestic manners of her day. Mrs. Earle's Introduction, we need scarcely say to THE DIAL's readers, is scholarly and graceful; and the notes evince her usual curious and accurate knowledge of things Colonial. There are several illustrations, including a portrait of the diarist, and a specimen of her writing in facsimile.

*Studies of
Costume in
Colonial times.*

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "Costume in Colonial Times" (Scribner) should prove a real godsend to artists, whether in words or in colors, who incline to Colonial motifs and wish to keep their works free from the anachronisms in matters of dress that mar too many portrayals of Colonial life. The book is a glossary, and it is something more, for the author sets forth her facts entertainingly as well as conveniently, and she has prefaced the glossary proper with an instructive "History of Colonial Dress." The work is based on facts drawn from old letters, newspapers, wills, court-records, etc., and while the New England references predominate, the scarcer sources of the southern Colonies have been carefully explored. While Mrs. Earle has done Dryasdust's work, she certainly has not, save in point of thoroughness, done it in Dryasdust's way. The book is an exceedingly tasteful one outwardly.

*A superfluous book
about Napoleon.*

There is a limit to the license in point of details permitted to those who attempt to paint the characters of great men; and we think M. Frederic Masson has passed it in his "Napoleon, Lover and Husband" (The Merriam Co.). Much of the book is indelicate, more of it is trivial, and some of its "revelations" are broad enough to explain the otherwise inexplicable fact that it has reached a fourteenth edition in France. The marital experiences of Josephine and Marie Louise have already been told *ad nauseam*; and we see no good reason for dragging the vulgar liaisons of Napoleon to light. The publishers have given the work a more respectable setting than it deserves.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Those who prefer tried old fiction to experimental new will find their account in some reprints that have just appeared. "Quits," by the Baroness Tautpheus, is published by the Putnams in two neat volumes, boxed, and styled the "Leonora" edition. The immortal "Three Musketeers" of Dumas appears in two very attractive volumes, illustrated by M. Leloir, from the press of Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. In two volumes, likewise, is Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe," issued by the Scribners, and to be followed by "Austin Elliot" and "Geoffrey Hamlin." The author was well worthy of this new edition, which will, we doubt not, find a hearty welcome.

Reversing the title of her sprightly little book of three years ago on "Adopting an Abandoned Farm,"

Miss Kate Sanborn continues the tale of her rural experiences in the pretty volume entitled "Abandoning an Adopted Farm" (Appleton). The point of the book is expressed in its title. Like its predecessor, it is chatty and unconventional to a degree, and brimful of the humors of rustic life as seen through urban spectacles.

Volume II. of "The Writings of Thomas Paine" (Putnam), edited by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, has just been published. It is a straight reprint, with but little in the way of introduction and annotation, of the books and tracts that date from 1779 to 1792. "The Rights of Man," dating, complete, from 1792, fills the latter half of the volume. Of the other papers the most important are the "Letter to the Abbé Raynal," the tract on "Public Good," and the letters, from the Pennsylvania "Gazette," on "Peace, and the Newfoundland Fisheries."

Dr. Paul Carus has collected into a volume of the "Religion of Science" library a large number of his fugitive papers upon philosophical subjects, and the collection, entitled "Fundamental Problems," is sent forth by the Open Court Publishing Co. The contents of this book are of an exceedingly varied character, and there is no unity of plan except that which comes from the unity of the underlying thought. The papers make suggestive popular reading upon the most serious problems that engage the human intellect, and there is doubtless somewhere a large audience of persons who will find them helpful.

The third and latest volume of the "Studies in Classical Philology" (Ginn), issued from time to time by Cornell University, is a monograph upon "The Cult of Asklepios," by Dr. Alice Walton. Miss Walton briefly treats of the subject as a whole, and appends to the chapters which make up the work proper a number of very valuable indices, particularly one of "Literature and Inscriptions" and one (nearly thirty pages in length) of "Localities of Cults." In the latter index, the classification is geographical, and authorities are given.

The "Ariel Shakespeare" (Putnam), of which we have already noticed four instalments of seven volumes each, is now completed by the publication of a final batch of twelve volumes. Three of these are devoted, respectively, to the "Poems," the "Sonnets," and a "Glossary," thus eking out the full number of forty, of which the set consists. The set costs \$16.00 in cloth, and \$30.00 in full leather. It may also be had in sets of twenty double volumes, also in two styles, cloth and half-bound. In either of these forms, the edition is very neat and serviceable. We note also in this connection, "The Merchant of Venice" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in the "Temple Shakespeare" (Macmillan). The bridge of the Rialto and the room in which Shakespeare was born are the etchings which serve as frontispieces.

Recently published classical texts include Professor B. Perrin's edition (Ginn) of Books V.-VIII. of the "Odyssey," based upon Hentze's text in the Teubner series; a little book of exercises, called "The Gate to the Anabasis" (Ginn), by Mr. Clarence W. Gleason; Dr. John C. Rolfe's attractive edition (Allyn) of "Cornelii Nepotis Vitæ," with many notes and exercises for translation into Latin; an edition of the "Alcestis" (Macmillan), supplied with much excellent apparatus by Dr. Mortimer Lamson Earle; and a very small book of scenes from the "Persæ" (Longmans), edited by the Rev. F. S. Ramsbotham.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

The long-expected Whittier's Letters are to appear immediately.

The letters of Matthew Arnold, we learn, are not likely to be published for some months.

Mr. W. L. Courtney has succeeded Mr. Frank Harris as editor of "The Fortnightly Review."

The author of "The Green Carnation," reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is said to be Mr. R. S. Hitchens.

"The Jewish Library," a series of monographs by eminent scholars, is to bear the imprint of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

"The Calumet," a new inter-university magazine, edited by Mr. John Seymour Wood, will begin publication in December.

The Robert Clarke Co. of Cincinnati have in hand a reprint of Withers's "Chronicles of Border Warfare," to be edited by Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle gave a public lecture in Chicago, at the Central Music Hall, on the evening of October 26. He was greeted by a very large audience. The lecture dealt with his own literary experiences, and a few brief readings from his books were interspersed.

A new translation of "Paul and Virginia" is to be published soon by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. The translation is by Professor Melville B. Anderson, head of the English department at Stanford University, whose previous achievements as a translator justify the belief that this work will now become an English classic.

Miss Harriet Monroe has been awarded damages to the extent of \$5000 in her suit against the New York "World" for its unauthorized publication (from a stolen copy) of her "Ode" written for the opening of the Columbian Exposition. We do not know whether or not the case is to be appealed, but if it is we trust that the higher courts will sustain so righteous a verdict.

The "Hans Sachs Feier" will be held at Munich on the fourth, fifth, and sixth of this month. The celebration will open on the fourth with a new play by Herr Martin Grief. On the fifth, being the poet's four hundredth birthday, several of his "Fastnachtspiele" will be performed in the same manner as they were four hundred years ago, but supplemented by preludes, interludes, and epilogues. The performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger," on the sixth, will conclude the national festival.

Professor James Darmesteter, of the Collège de France, died on the twentieth of October, at the age of forty-five. He was a distinguished Orientalist, and for nearly ten years past has held the chair of Persian literature and language at the Collège de France. He married, a few years ago, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, the English poet. Early in the present year he added to his other duties the editorial conduct of the new "Revue de Paris."

Professor John Nichol died on the twelfth of October, at the age of sixty-one. He was particularly interested in American subjects, and was one of our warmest defenders at the time of the Civil War. He published a "Sketch of American Literature" some years ago, and also wrote the "Encyclopedia Britannica" article upon that subject. He held the chair of English literature at the University of Glasgow for twenty-eight years. He also wrote the volumes on Byron and Carlyle in the "English Men of Letters" series.

Mr. Theodore Watts has been making some very interesting inquiries into Shakespeare's connection with Gloucestershire, and is satisfied that the poet's evident familiarity with that county is owing to his having staid at Dursley with one of the Shakespeares who was living there during his lifetime. The Gloucestershire names of people mentioned by him are still largely represented in Dursley, and the descriptions of the neighborhood are so singularly accurate as to be easily identified.

The Associated Press dispatches have recently supplied the newspapers with the following anecdote: "All London has been laughing this week over the published correspondence between Mr. W. S. Gilbert and an American lady. The latter wrote asking for an interview. Gilbert replied that his charge therefor would be twenty guineas. The lady replied that, while she could not go to that expense, she cheerfully looked forward to writing his obituary for nothing. Thereupon the irascible humorist sent the correspondence to the 'Times' with a very petulant letter, and the lady threatens to sue for libel."

The widow of Leconte de Lisle is preparing her late husband's manuscripts for the press. She is working in collaboration with De Hérédia, and they hope to collect sufficient material for a volume of poems, which shall add to the reputation of the author of "Poèmes Barbares." The task is a difficult one, as the late poet was very critical about his own work, and they are anxious not to print anything which he would have refused to publish. Leconte de Lisle destroyed more than four thousand lines of verse which he deemed unsatisfactory, and what he published had been revised and revised again.

The London "Bookman," in its monthly reports of publications having the largest sale in England, often affords interesting indications of the drift of public taste. According to the October lists, East London is still finding its favorite reading in "If Christ came to Chicago," but the title has disappeared from all the other lists, although it occupied the first place in many of them a few weeks ago. Novels are just now the favorites, even in pious Scotland; and "The Manxman" heads eight lists out of fifteen. "Perlycross" is the next in favor (although Glasgow does sandwich it in between "Helps for Common Days" and a "Bible Dictionary"); while "Lourdes" and "Under the Red Robe" follow at no great distance.

We learn that the trustees of the Newberry Library have called Mr. John Vance Cheney, of San Francisco, to the vacant librarianship. They are to be congratulated upon their choice. Mr. Cheney is a trained librarian and an accomplished man of letters, and Chicago will give him a cordial welcome. The following extract from the San Francisco "Argonaut" expresses the esteem in which Mr. Cheney is held upon the Pacific Coast. We notice a slight inaccuracy concerning the relations of the late Dr. Poole to THE DIAL. While Dr. Poole was second to none in our affections as a contributor, he was never editorially connected with the review. Says "The Argonaut":

"It is stated, on apparently good authority, that the trustees of the great Newberry Library, in Chicago, have decided to come to San Francisco for a successor to the late librarian, Dr. William Frederick Poole. The man whom they are said to have chosen is Mr. John Vance Cheney, now at the head of the San Francisco Free Public Library. It is a great compliment to Mr. Cheney.

The Newberry Library, although not an old one, is already a notable institution, and is so liberally endowed that it is destined to be the largest library in this country, if not one of the largest in the world. Dr. Poole, its late librarian, was a scholar of ripe erudition, and a man of much experience in managing libraries. He was the compiler of the famous "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature," an invaluable aid to writers and editors. He was also one of the editors of THE DIAL, a literary journal of which Chicago may well be proud, something which cannot be said of all her publications. It is Dr. Poole's place which Mr. Cheney is called upon to fill. We think he will fill it worthily. Mr. Cheney is a gentleman of New England ancestry, of liberal education, with the tastes of a scholar, and the temperament of a poet. That he can retain this last in the prosaic environment of San Francisco shows that it is ingrained. His love of letters is strong. He has made an excellent official in charge of our small library here on the Pacific Coast, and he will make a better one in the larger sphere to which he is called. He will be more appreciated in Chicago than in San Francisco. When some San Francisco millionaire leaves to the people such a magnificent endowment for a library as the late James Newberry left to Chicago, men like Mr. Cheney will doubtless think twice before they leave us, and the people will think twice before they let them go."

IN MEMORIAM, EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.
Died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.

Called to his rest, though not on that loved strand
That claimed his last life-labor, now denied
Its high fulfillment,—yet he sleeps beside
Blue Mediterranean waters, in a land
Of palms and columns, over-towered of old
By that white rock whose sunlit bastions brought
Light to his darkening eyes. For there, too, rolled
Th' "eternal strife" whose island-fields he sought
From Mongibello to the wind-swept crest
Of Julian and Astarte. East and West,—
Thralldom and freedom,—were to him no theme
Scholastic, but that mighty human heart,
Outpouring words of thunder, still took part
In each uprising, were it but a dream.

—(From Volume IV. of Freeman's "History of Sicily,"
by the editor of the volume, Mr. Arthur J. Evans.)

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS. November, 1894.

African Folk-Lore. Frederick Starr. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
Alcohol and Happiness. Justus Gaulé. *Popular Science*.
Anglo-American Reunion. A. A. T. Mahan. *No. American*.
Boswell's Proof-Sheets. George B. Hill. *Atlantic*.
Canterbury Tales, The. Hiram Corson. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
Canton, In the City of. Florence O'Driscoll. *Century*.
Cobra, The, and other Serpents. Illus. *Popular Science*.
Cossack, The. Illus. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper*.
Election Night in a Newspaper Office. Julian Ralph. *Scribner*.
Emerson, The Religion of. W. H. Savage. *Arena*.
England, Am. Influence over. J. M. Ludlow. *Atlantic*.
English, Academic Treatment of. H. E. Soudder. *Atlantic*.
English at College and University. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
English Novels, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
English Railroad Methods. Illus. H. G. Prout. *Scribner*.
France, Agriculture in. H. Blerzy. *Chautauquan*.
Fronde, James Anthony. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
Germany, The Legislature of. J. W. Burgess. *Chautauquan*.
Glaciers of Greenland, The. Angelo Heilprin. *Pop. Science*.
Holmes, English Tributes to. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
Horse, The. Illus. N. S. Shaler. *Scribner*.
Immigration and the Land Question. C. J. Buell. *Arena*.

Japan of Old, The Real. E. W. Clement. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
Jefferson, Joseph. *Dial* (Nov. 1).
Korean Matters. Lucius Howard Foote. *Overland*.
Law, Making of a. John L. Mitchell. *North American*.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. Richard Burton. *Atlantic*.
Magazine Fiction. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott*.
Manual Training. C. Hanford Henderson. *Popular Science*.
Napoleon Bonaparte. Illus. Ida M. Tarbell. *McClure's*.
Napoleon Bonaparte, Life of. Illus. W. M. Sloane. *Century*.
Newspaper Press of the United States. *Chautauquan*.
Novel, The Modern. Amelia E. Barr. *North American*.
Political Corruption. Thos. E. Will. *Arena*.
Political Parties, Evolution of. S. M. Merrill. *No. American*.
Provence, The Churches of. Mrs. Van Rensselaer. *Century*.
Rabbits in New Zealand. J. N. Ingram. *Lippincott*.
Sea-Robbers of New York. Illus. T. A. Janvier. *Harper*.
Shanghai. Mark B. Dunnell. *Overland*.
Sioux Mythology, The. Chas. A. Eastman. *Popular Science*.
Sioux, Religion of the. Illus. W. H. Wassell. *Harper*.
Steamships, Development of. Uriel Sebree. *Chautauquan*.
Swiss Watch Schools, The. T. B. Willson. *Popular Science*.
Washington Correspondent, The. E. J. Gibson. *Lippincott*.
Washington in Lincoln's Time. Noah Brooks. *Century*.
War in the East, Causes of the. Kuma Oishi. *Arena*.
War in the Orient, The. Shushurino Kurino. *No. American*.
World, Unknown Parts of the. H. R. Mills. *McClure's*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 105 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France Under Napoleon. By Louis Adolphe Thiers; trans., with sanction and approval of the author, by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing. In 13 vols., illus. with 36 steel plates, 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. J. B. Lippincott Co. Boxed, \$36.
History of the French Revolution, 1789-1800. By Louis Adolphe Thiers; trans., with notes, etc., by Frederick Shoberl. New edition in 5 vols.; Vols. I. and II., illus. with steel engravings, 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. J. B. Lippincott Co. Per vol., \$3.
Historical Characters of the Reign of Queen Anne. By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 207. The Century Co. \$6.
Life in Ancient Egypt. Described by Adolph Erman; trans. by H. M. Tirard. With 11 plates and 400 text-illustrations, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 570. Macmillan & Co. \$6.
A History of Our Own Times: From the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By Justin McCarthy; with introduction, supplementary chapters, etc., by G. Mercer Adams. In 2 vols., illus., 12mo, gilt tops. Lovell, Coryell & Co. Boxed, \$3.
German Society at the Close of the Middle Ages. By E. Belfort Bax, author of "The Ethics of Socialism." 12mo, uncut, pp. 276. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.
Old European Jewries. By David Philipson, D.D., author of "The Jew in English Fiction." 16mo, pp. 281. Jewish Publication Society. \$1.25.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson, Together with some Account of his Ancestry and of the Jefferson Family of Actors. By William Winter. Illus., 12mo, pp. 319. Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.
Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D. By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Vol. III., with portraits, 8vo, pp. 488. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.50.
Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter. By George P. A. Healy. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 221. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.
General Lee. By Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew and cavalry commander. With portrait, gilt top, uncut, pp. 453. Appletons' "Great Commanders." \$1.50.
James Henry Chapin: A Sketch of his Life and Work. By George Sumner Weaver, D.D. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 386. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy, his Life and his Work, with Selections from his Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 120. Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

Napoleon, Lover and Husband. By Frédéric Masson; trans. by J. M. Howell. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 322. The Merriam Co. \$2.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Life and Letters of Erasmus: Lectures Delivered at Oxford in 1893-4. By J. A. Froude. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 433. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

William Shakespeare: A Study in Elizabethan Literature. By Barrett Wendell. 16mo, pp. 439. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Tennyson and his Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators: A Book about a Book. By George Somes Layard. Illus., gilt top, uncut, pp. 68. Copeland & Day. \$1.75.

A History of English Literature in a series of Biographical Sketches. By William Francis Collier, LL.D. New revised edition, 16mo, pp. 582. Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$1.75.

The English Novel: Being a Short Sketch of Its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of "Waverley." By Walter Raleigh. 16mo, pp. 298. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The History of the English Language. By Oliver Farrar Emerson, A.M. 12mo, pp. 415. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

Childhood in Literature and Art. With Some Observations on Literature for Children. By Horace E. Scudder. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 253. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The Writings of Thomas Jefferson. Collected and edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Vol. IV., 1784-1787; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 485. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

Bibliographical: A Magazine of Bibliography in twelve Quarterly Parts. Part II., illus., 4to, uncut, pp. 127. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Character Studies, with some Personal Recollections. By Frederick Saunders, author of "Pastime Papers." 12mo, pp. 177. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.

A Plea for the Ethical Value of Poetry: An address by W. L. Sheldon. 16mo, pp. 39. St. Louis: Wm. A. Brandenburger.

POETRY.

Five Books of Song. By Richard Watson Gilder. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 240. The Century Co. \$1.50.

In Sunshine Land. By Edith M. Thomas. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 152. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Madonna, and Other Poems. By Harrison S. Morris. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 229. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.

Old English Songs from Various Sources. With Introduction by Austin Dobson. Illus. by Hugh Thomson, 12mo, gilt edges, pp. 163. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

The Flute Player, and Other Poems. By Francis Howard Williams. 12mo, uncut, pp. 128. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

The Land of Heart's Desire. By W. B. Yeats. With frontispiece, 16mo, uncut, pp. 43. Stone & Kimball. \$1.

A Patch of Pansies. By J. Edmond V. Cooke. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 89. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

Armazindy. By James Whitcomb Riley. With frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 160. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

Poems and Lyrics of Nature. Edited, with Introduction, by Edith Wingate Rinder. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 273. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

FICTION.

Pomona's Travels. By Frank R. Stockton. Illus. by Frost, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 275. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.

When All the Woods Are Green. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 419. The Century Co. \$1.50.

Polly: A Christmas Recollection. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illus. by Castaigne, small 8vo, pp. 49. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Danvis Folks. By Rowland E. Robinson, author of "Vermont." 12mo, pp. 349. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The Double Emperor: A Story of a Vagabond Conqueror. By W. Laird Clowes, author of "The Great Peril." Illus., 12mo, pp. 238. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

The Price of Peace: A Story of the Times of Ahab, King of Israel. By A. W. Ackerman. 16mo, pp. 390. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

Tales from the Ægean. By Demetrios Bikélas; trans. by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. 16mo, pp. 258. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.

A Mild Barbarian. By Edgar Fawcett, author of "An Ambitious Woman." 16mo, pp. 272. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

The Green Carnation. 16mo, pp. 211. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cts.

A Drama in Dutch. By Z. Z. 12mo, pp. 275. Macmillan & Co. \$1.

Writing to Rosina. By W. H. Bishop, author of "Detmold." Illus., 24mo, gilt edges, pp. 117. The Century Co. \$1.

P'tit Matin! and Other Monotones. By George Wharton Edwards, author of "Thumb-Nail Sketches." Illus., 24mo, gilt edges, pp. 140. The Century Co. \$1.25.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

When We Were Strolling Players In the East. By Louise Jordan Miln. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 354. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$4.50.

Across Asia on a Bicycle: The Journey of Two American Students from Constantinople to Peking. By Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., and William Lewis Sachtleben. Illus., 12mo, gilt top. The Century Co. \$1.50.

The Mountains of California. By John Muir. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 381. The Century Co. \$1.50.

London Up to Date. By George Augustus Sala. 12mo, pp. 378. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

The Dominion of Canada, with Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska: A Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. With maps, etc., 16mo, pp. 254. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Shakespeare's Stratford: A Pictorial Pilgrimage. By W. Hallworth Waite. Illus., 8vo, pp. 69. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

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